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CAIN THE WANDERER:

A VISION OF HEAVEN:

DARKNESS:

TORONTO

AND OTHER POEMS.

By [John Edmund Reade]

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LONDON:

WHITTAKER, TREACHER, & CO. AVE MARIA LANE.

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TO THE

VENERABLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY THE

HUMBLEST OF HIS ADMIRERS.

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DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THE AUTHOR AND A FRIEND.

C. Well, there is your manuscript; I have read it quite through.

A. You seem to make a merit of the Herculean task, however.

C. Pardon me; you know, like old Johnson, I very seldom *do* read a book through; now, as the whole of yours is written in what Tony Lumpkin would call "as damned a cramped piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life," you must believe there was something in it that still impelled me on to the end.

A. Logically deduced, I admit: and pray, having read it *through*, as you call it, may I ask your opinion of it?

C. You would set little value on it, because you would not justly appreciate the motives which influenced me. The design of it I saw clearly enough: the query is, whether all your readers will have the justice, or reflection, or patience—if you prefer the word—to do the same.

A. Why should they not? Meliora spero. Why should not my book become as——

C. Oh, the golden age of poetry and poets, you know, is past; that time, when a work appeared and drew attention from its very singleness; when an author was thought an awful being in his isolation of fame, and was listened to by all. But now "Nous avons changé tout cela," as Sganarelle says: there is nobody now who does *not* write poetry. The Hall of the Muses has long been broken into, and the innumerable crowds rushing in and demanding to be heard, render it absolutely necessary for even the standard lions to keep up a continual roaring to be heard at all!

> "Rhymes in their head, and pamphlets in their hand,
> "They rave, recite, and madden round the land!"

A. And where *are* all those now whom Pope alludes to? In poetry, as in painting and philosophy, there

will always rise up, at times, a master mind, to inspire and point the way; who, though at first opposed by envy or prejudice, at length draws after him a crowd of imitators, until some new impulse is given, by which, disturbed at first in their routine, they end by invariably following. Shakspeare and Milton stand alone, from the very inaccessibility of their genius and subjects, but Pope had in his own time imitators, and gave the tone to his day, which, in its turn, is extinct in a new school, which, whether better or worse, has drawn infinitely more proselytes.

C. Why, if the fairest test of genius were to be tried by the influence it exerts on cotemporary literature, I hardly know how high we are to rank the name of Byron. What a change he has created, not only in our poetry, but in our dramas, novels, and almost national character! You smile, but is it not true? any man who has the art of laying hold of the passions may draw the crowd which way he pleases. Did not Goethe almost drive the Germans to suicide with Werter? and are not Childe Harold and The Corsair the originals of all the interesting and half-sublime villains that have since appeared? and his sentiments, and no others, tricked

out in a thousand different forms of language? And passion, and intensity, and heaven, and hell, and burning thoughts, and (brains I may add) have been the rage with all the poets and novelists since, who, if he had never lived, had never dreamed of such things. Half the world positively imagined *themselves* to be his heroes and heroines! He quite sublimated the quiet English out of their natures, and open shirt-collars, and melancholy features; and a certain *dash* of remorse, were as indispensable to young men, and are so still, as tenderness, and endurance, and intense feeling of passion among the fair sex.

A. Why, seriously, he is

"The new Prometheus of new men."

There is scarcely an original thought or character which has not been moulded from him, the only poet we ever had who thought and felt *out* of the mode and mould in which our poetry is peculiarly cast; which, when we see such or such a subject advertised, makes us as confident of all the author will, and may say thereon, as if we had written it ourselves. The idea never enters our minds, how far the author will dare to go, because

we feel certain it never entered into his. Creation, and infinity, and time, and space, and omnipotence, &c. are flourishingly discussed and dispensed with; all good, and all culled from sound orthodox sources; the author is satisfied—and so is his bookseller: the one has his reputation, the other his profit. But the inner wells of truth in the human soul, the sources and depths of feeling and passion, are as untried as unknown; such works sink among us, and are forgotten; while the lighter ones

> "On the bathos vast abyss
> Float, scumlike, uppermost."

C. Such is not the case in Germany: there, all *think* who profess to write, for they know whom they have to address. The human mind is there ever patiently but determinedly struggling to be original. No man thinks like his fellow: all aim to say or design something new; the consequence is, there are more theories and *guesses* at truth in Germany than in any other country of the world. Everything is heard patiently, and examined carefully, and if found wanting, condemned, whatever side it may espouse. Truth with them has no standard:

they know her abode is a *well;* and curiosity is always in a state of excitement at the various and differing treasures drawn therefrom, and the deepest and longest divers are surest of success.

A. With us it is exactly the reverse: with a few and rare instances, mediocrity of thought and talent are absolute essentials for excessive popularity. I could instance many, and some very recent ones, who have gained unqualified success from works which have scarcely betrayed an original thought, often a depraved taste; and others of *critically* acknowledged excellency, which are, comparatively, scarce known. But such expositions would be invidious, and the facts are (I repeat it) poetry of high pretension whose aim and end is *truth*, to draw aside the secret veils of the heart, and search into the springs and sources of thought and feeling, and the workings of our inner being, will not, and does not succeed among us. Such hazards are sometimes made by minds that will not follow the crowd, and what is the consequence?—the critic condemns, the alarm is given, and the book is sealed for ever from the many. A few at first read it, partly from the pride of opposition, and partly from the too apparent bigotry of prejudice. These few support it:

some words, a few passages—leave impressions which will not be forgotten,

> " For words are things, and a small drop of ink
> " Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
> " That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

The book is thus secretly perpetuated, and lives, merely because it *will* be heard. Now among such men, for instance, are the Lords Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, and lastly, and with infinitely more *genius* and notoriety, Lord Byron, as in his dramas of 'Cain,' 'Heaven and Earth,' &c. When he gave those wild and impassioned tales to the world, "thrown off from his mind as carelessly as the tree resigns its leaves to the wind,"* every line of which was made up of "thoughts that breathe, and words than burn," all read him: minds were worked up to a state of false and desperate excitement by his power of portraying the struggles, and devotedness, and intensity of human passion! Then, the dark and daring thoughts scattered through them were overlooked, or applauded; the romance, the novelty of the thing, bewildered and intoxicated. But when in after years he

* Sir Walter Scott—See his fine eulogy on him, every word of which is alike worthy of the living and the dead.

himself severely condemned them, and had built up for himself a higher aim, a nobler ambition, in the severer search of truth, and "in thoughts that wander through eternity," the very names of his pieces were condemned, as if profanation could be conveyed by the sound. And why was this? Because he was discovered to be the hero of his own pieces; the alarm was given, and prejudice tortured all that came from him, to answer for the truth of the charge.

C. But what moral evil did Lord Byron propagate, or rather, what good did he do, to answer the ends of his creation, and to justify the unbounded enthusiasm of his admirers, which are the world?*

A. This he did: he unmasked all hypocrisy, moral and political, and told truths "stranger than fiction." He will be quoted hereafter—he now is—as the Poet of Freedom; he taught and acted up to it, and died, cut off in the prime of manhood, in the noblest cause that

* I truly regret that I shall not have seen his Life by Moore before this goes to the press. The first of patriots as of poets, how can he fail of making it worthy himself and his illustrious friend, and adding one more laurel to his wreath, which wants no addition, and which Ireland will preserve fresh and unfading to the end of her existence and of time?

ever called on man. He taught that which his life illustrated, and which all men, gifted with minds more or less beyond the common order, have proved—the power and intensity of passion over the weakness of our natures, its strugglings and yieldings, and the remorse consequent to the despair in having opposed them in vain;—that we know nothing, but that the resource of man is in himself, in the concentration, and command, and resistance of his own faculties. He laid bare the darkest and most secret workings of the human soul, and showed, in their grandeur and abasement, all that sinks and elevates the man. His discontents, and ambition, and questionings, and scoffings arising from the very bitterness of the sense of his own impotence to answer them, from the feeling and knowing the nothingness of all things, and most so, of human pride. And such are the great and highest ends of Poetry: for this, like Truth, she descended from heaven, not idly to cull the flowers of fancy, but to teach man to *know himself*, to lead him by the hand, and open to him the abysses of the human heart, as well as those of the earth and deep, and to range with him

"Beyond the visible diurnal sphere."

C. It does indeed sicken one to hear our little poets (God save the mark!) prate of his *failings*. What are *their* 'failings?' the spilling a cup of tea—the indigestion of a dinner—or unquiet irritability if their own vile trash, with the aids of puffing, and portraiting, with open shirt collar, curled head (like the great Archetype in *that* at least) reaches not a tenth or twelfth edition?

A. But so it is ever: the least minds will confidently pronounce on those the most gigantic; the eye can overtake the loftiest flight of the eagle in her clouds, forgetting that the mark is the *cause* of its extension of the faculty of vision, and who pauses to measure, and "fill up all the mighty void between." There is such pleasure, such a complacency, when vanity blinds and soothes self-love, and equalizes it with the subject of its thoughts, whatever it may be. It is so painful to acknowledge a superior—but who feeling, would own it?

C. But what grounds have you for supposing the critics will not be doubly hard on you, if they were on him? that they will withhold from saying you are a copyist?

A. In my title only: not a line or thought beyond, that I am aware of.

C. Your verses are often rugged, and—

A. Ah! so were "glorious John's."* From the age of fourteen we steep ourselves, as it were, in the mellifluousness of Pope; but seven or eight years afterwards, one sickens of honey, of the eternal "smooth shaven green," and longs for and loves the rough energy, and rude but often grand harmony, of glorious old Dryden.

"The long resounding march and energy divine."

as it has been owned by Pope himself. If in imitating a little his ruggedness, I have now and then caught a touch of his vigour, I shall be well satisfied.

C. You will be called a liberal.

A. Homo sum, nihil à me alienum puto!

C. A magnificent reply, no doubt: the grandest moral line ever composed; but do *all* men feel thus?

A. Would to heaven they did, as surely as I hope and feel they one day will.

* See 'The Pirate.'

C. The very title of the book will create the same prejudice against—

A. Those who seeing, condemn it at sight, and languidly or invidiously turn over a leaf or two, pitch upon any line or word that is sufficient to satisfy the ends of prejudice (and where can such not be found?) may do so certainly, for how easy is it to condemn, and by a line, a word marked *thus*, destroy at once the hopes and aims of years, obscure every hope of future fame, quench the spark of emulation, and bury at once thoughts and feelings long cherished in oblivion! Once when I used to feel—in short when I was all nerve, for I once was, and had an interest in these sort of things, I was indignant in seeing so often worth depressed, and the worthless exalted. But all that is past; time, and other things, rigify the nerves, if I may so speak, and we can look back and laugh (thank God), at what once could madden us, and, at last, even at our very aspirations for fame, the most wearing and wasting of all passions, not love, I am sorry to say, excepted. *Now*—I could behold this, my first effort, damned, with the same indifference I should behold its highest exaltation; for the same pride which

made me write and speak out, would render me callous to either fortune, from the inner consciousness of not having forfeited my own self-approbation and esteem.

C. Why, really now, I do think fame is a phantom; I do not conceive it possible for the most established reputation to last, I do not say for centuries, but during the author's life. How many names were the rage who now are as much shelfed as if they had never been; succeeded by others in a taste wholly opposed, and for that very reason, popular,—to be succeeded in still shorter periods by others; for the more the cultivation of mind increases, the larger must be the crops, such as they are; so that, in one sense, we shall at last realize Berkeley's idea, we shall become "all mind." The mere combinations from the preceding multitudes of authors will be quite sufficient employment for those succeeding, without any trouble of their own.

A. I confess it was from the reflection of such sentiments as these, that induced me to totally set aside any ideas I might have entertained of writing mere imaginative or passionate poetry, without any aim beyond that of pleasing for the day, and being forgotten. I might succeed or fail, and in the end, either

would be a matter of indifference. There come to all human beings, at times, thoughts and aspirations of a higher order, visitings of mysterious impulse, which cannot be referred home to our mere senses, and which no theory of a Hume or Berkeley can explain, or at all account for; they are beyond theory. They are the strugglings of our inner being towards the eternal truths which we know exist everywhere around us. Our knowledge of such seems written innate in us, and unborrowed from any external proof, for there are none, at least none which are not obscured and made apparently contradictory from the imperfection of our mental and visual faculties. They are impressions rather than thoughts, which, "like supernatural solicitings," draw us involuntarily from ourselves to a sense of a higher being, the hope of which is left in us when they are passed, mingled with a fear, a shock of the senses, from the mysteriousness of their unknown nature. From the inner mind of man arise thoughts and voices more solemn and awakening than from the memories of any tale of suffering or passion, or of old superstition; and, while modes of taste fluctuate, and ebb and flow, and are revived or forgotten, still exist

the same: they are implanted in man from age to age, as eternally as they exist themselves. I have thrown into the shape of a drama some such thoughts and impressions which have been long matured; full of error doubtless—what is not? but who shall be our unappealing judge? I wrote down the feelings I have proved, and which are founded on impulses that ever exist; if then I have at all succeeded in developing them, my book, founded on them, must endure.

C. But why did you pitch on the subject of Cain, of all others?

A. In the first place, I had made a sketch of it at eighteen; then, the magnificent drama of Byron came out, and I threw my sketch and a scene or two, among which was that of the Abyss of Space, into the fire; and might have been idle to this day, but—

> "When Southey's *read*, and Wordsworth *understood*,
> "I *can't help* putting in *my* claim to praise!"

Besides, I felt convinced no other subject could be the vehicle of the *matériel* which might find place in that. The reflections would naturally come from Cain in his peculiar situation; and again, in introducing the cha-

racter, and dwelling on the magnificent fiction of Lucifer's fall, I had an opportunity of giving a new, and perhaps *rather* more philosophical account of it, at least. That my general idea of the subject has been altogether enlarged, and inspired, by dwelling on that of Lord Byron, I most willingly acknowledge; indeed, had not his drama appeared, mine would not have been worth reading, or perhaps been left unfinished. I have received the impulse from him which has been given to the age; but, at the same time, I am not aware of any particular thought or line imitated from him, or any other writer, which has not been cheerfully owned. The height of my ambition is, that the critic, when commenting hereafter on his sublime production, may recall another to memory of the same name, which was in some respects intended as a sequel, thus tying myself, as it were, to his chariot-wheels for posterity.

C. But the tendency of Cain, the end proposed, the plan you have adopted, is the same?

A. I have extended it on a more enlarged scale. I have endeavoured to develope Cain as a powerful and daring mind, of which pride is the basis, as it is that

of almost all strong minds; mistaking his own impulses and acts of passion as predestinations of Deity, instead of the natural effects of unformed and unthwarted principles. From hence arises the struggle to oppose such supposed influence, and cling to good, not from feeling the beauty of its nature, but from the same opposition of pride, which would blindly set itself against the decrees of Providence, and act according to its own. Consequently from this, are doubts, questionings, and wavering faith, which, though fed and strengthened by the Tempter, by argument, and visible signs, are never wholly overthrown. To escape from this state of restlessness, he seeks and obtains a temporary forgetfulness in a higher realm of sense and imagination; the cup is exhausted, and then nothing is left to fly to; and, the wreck of himself, he stands an example, that happiness, which is peace and tranquillity of mind, cannot be founded on baseless pride or on the senses, but stands on the purity and fixedness of early-instilled principles, on faith, and hope, and on content; and these overthrown, is lost for ever. In short, in Cain I have developed man as he is; his early thoughts, and hopes, and trials, and yieldings, and

wrestlings, and his despair; perhaps too, here and there, to quote the words of poor Schutze *—

> " The bliss, the bale, through which my heart hath run,
> " Are mirrored in the story's mystic wave."

C. Well, and now with regard to publishing and puffing: who is to publish—who is to puff?

A. Ah, some of our writers do indeed disgrace themselves that way, and show that " all *is* vanity." Not one puff shall my book have, if I can help it. I will have no articles written for it by friends, or write any myself. I do not remember that our old standard poets ever flew to these pitiful resources, neither will I. If it cannot stand by itself, it shall receive no further support from me. I have written neither for interest, or party, or vanity, but from an honourable feeling of emulation and pride, that impels me to leave something behind me when I shall have ceased to exist: which tells me that I shall succeed, and that eventual

* See a most interesting account of this young poet in that delightful work, ' The Foreign Quarterly Review.'

fame cannot be raised on any temporary props, but must stand or fall of itself.

C. Will you make any dedication of it?

A. I intend taking the liberty of offering it to the venerable and "illustrious Goethe,"—a name that cannot be mentioned without sentiments of the profoundest respect and esteem. We owe him much: he has been the chief means of naturalizing our literature in Germany, where he has almost created that of his own. His name there, and his various and extraordinary works, will be cherished as long as his language, and his character remembered and venerated as the liberal and enlightened friend of humanity and freedom. The drama of Lord Byron has, I believe, in Germany, many translations; an honour I hardly dare anticipate for this, though I sometimes venture to indulge the hope of it.

C. *Nous verrons.* But have you not, or will you not, become an "annualist," by way, you know, of——

A. No, no; my vanities have never appeared there or elsewhere. I am a proud, though withal a very gentle lion; and when I *do* roar, it must be alone; but, as delightful Bottom says, "I will aggravate my voice

so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove. I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale."

C. But the Preface—the chief thing of all—the Preface—

A. Oh, I really cannot sit down and begin a cold, formal——I will tell you what I will do: *when* I publish my "Prometheus," and a very different subject, "Ideas of Love," both of which are to be, of course, very curious and original, then I will preface and portrait them, both at full length, and exhibit all my learning, and, a much dearer thing, my personal attractions. But on this, "my first coming out," I modestly dispense with any introduction; and by way of preface—why, I will print our rambling colloquy.

CAIN THE WANDERER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ADAM.

CAIN.

ENOCH.

SPIRITS.

LUCIFER.

BEELZEBUB.

MOLOCH.

MAMMON.

AZAZIEL.

WOMEN.

EVE.

ADA.

ZILLAH.

HEILEL.

CAIN THE WANDERER.

PROLOGUE.

THE LORD AND THE HOST OF HEAVEN.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

THOU, who art hid from sight,
Ingenerable Essence! who dost dwell
Above us throned invisible,
Veiled in excess of light,
Which is as darkness to our vision dim;
Idol of cherubim and seraphim!
Basking within thy glory, and the host
Innumerable, and still growing on, of those
Who rise, and emanate, and again are lost,
Centre and Source in Thee! until o'erflows
Space, and the infinite around—above,
With life and joy: and though spirits mightier far
Than we, bow down to thee, to whom we are
Inferior and remote as is the star
From its life-giving light, yet have we strove
To stand before thee pure, and our faith prove
By our love-breathing hymn.

We know thee not, Eternal One! we feel
But that thou art, our Maker: Origin
Of all that is, or shall be, or hath been:
Thyself the point from whence Eternity,
Flowing o'er all, through all, doth still begin.
Still, still for ever do thy works reveal
New wonders for thy spirits to comprehend,
Wherever turn their star-led steps on high,
Farther than wing of seraph love can wheel,
Or ken of mightiest Hierarch extend.
We stand before thee, and the glow,
The full beatitude and blessedness
Thrilling us with our raptures' deep excess,
Whence is the fountain's everlasting flow?
From thee, from only thee,
Which is itself enough for us to know.

We were not—we arose as from a dream,
Living and self-existent: oh, what stamp
Of warning memory was there; what gleam,
(Which nought hereafter may o'ershade or damp:)
Of present Deity and might supreme!
We saw among the myriad thrones, yea, even
Of spirits who sate amidst the highest heaven,
Circling far round about the glory, those
Who, though they bowed, no more could find repose;
For they had lost that faith intense,
Till now unshaken, and the innocence
Steadfast, and pure, to virtue only given!

Whence was the Origin of Evil? where
The Tempter? Sin and pride had entered there,
And they were blind, and doubted him, the Adored,
The Silence, whom they gazed not on, or heard!
And then their words came forth, for they had dared
The worst in thought, and were for all prepared.
And there was *One*, but not of them, so high,
They knelt before him in idolatry,
Deeming him equal to the Highest, his power
Was great in heaven, none greater, till that hour.
They looked up to him as their God, the One
Visually intelligible; they
Saw none like him above, for sin astray
Had led and blinded them, and he elate
And proud in his bright eminence o'er them sate,
And gloried in the worship he had won.
Then up to heaven they soared
By thousands and by millions to dethrone
Him, whom till now they knelt to and adored,
And on his ruined throne erect their own.
Then was the anger of the Lord awoke!
No voice from forth the eternal silence broke:
They heard him not, that mad rebellious crew,
His eye opened on them and the God they knew!
We saw them hurled
Swifter than lightning down 'mid heaven, blind,
Blighted, and scathed, and by the thunder-stroke
Crushed as they fell—their angel forms were lost
As atoms in the whirlwind tost,

Or stars shot wildly through the infinite void
From their lost heights, for ever left behind
The regions of their bliss, for aye destroyed
The holy peace and vision they enjoyed!
They sunk into a nether world,
A place of darkness and a fathomless deep,
Vigils of vain remorse and pain to keep,
And that despair whose agony hath no sleep!
We still stood firm, but felt the shock, the fear
Of that dread strife, and knelt and worshipped here.

MICHAEL.

Spirits—who bowed before the living throne,
Breathe forth that gratitude to Him which is
Bliss to yourselves, the highest, and doth own
How fixed and unshaken ye are His.
Another proof hath risen
How weak is man in his own power,
While the dim bonds of sense and clay imprison,
Unless supported in the trial hour
By that unshaken faith
Which triumphs over death.
The young and beautiful earth,
The last and most beloved in its new birth,
No more is the atoning shrine,
Where ye, blest seraphs! have striven
To waft the prayer of the forgiven,
Yet once again to the offended God:
Making it in its penitence divine.
Lo! the Arch-Enemy hath again prevailed,

And human weakness failed
In the unequal strife; the blood
Of a slain brother from her guilty sod,
Reeks up to heaven!

SPIRITS.

And see, and see, through ether cleaving,
A Spirit comes in light enshrined:
Not star-like, as of ours, but leaving,
A path of lurid gloom behind;
By the scathed crest and wings of fire,
And brow where faded glories dwell,
And those red eyes of pride and ire,
'Tis He, the Mighty One who fell!

MICHAEL.

And dost thou dare
From thy fell triumph over those who were
Without one shade between their God and them,
Without one stain upon that lovely stem
Blooming in peace and innocence, till thou
Cam'st like a blight to wither them as now—
Dost thou dare venture here?
And boast thy conquest o'er the infancy
Of their unequal might? and dost thou hope
To 'scape the vengeance for thy crime, and cope
With the Almighty, and yet scathless fly?
Back to thy hell!—and if thy God
Scourge thee not thither with avenging rod,
Behold this forward spear!

LUCIFER.

Michael!
Dost thou survey aught on this brow of mine
Arguing a fear or of thy God or thee?
Or deem'st thou I came hither but to flee
From deed of his or thine?
Hast thou forgot
Ere the immortal thirst of knowledge drove
Me, unresisting, against whom I strove,
How different was our lot?
Glorious and bright above the hosts wert thou!
But in my presence as a star
Remote, when nearing its bright sun from far,
So veiled was thy brow!
It was the very intensity of height,
The consciousness of mightiness, that made
Me deem I *was* the highest. I essayed
That which my spirit prompted; proved it vain?
Who was the deceiver? who would pain
Choose for itself? for present good, what gain
From an uncertain future? I obeyed
The voice within me; I believed, as they
Who heard me. If it failed, did *I* betray?
Or lives a greater than thy God, to draw
His worshippers from him? or if he foresaw
All, as ye say he doth, why not create
Beings to love him, rather than fear and hate?
It was not in his power:—There is a Fate

Unknown, unfathomed, against whose behests
We struggle in vain; the eternal fiat rests,
And all our deeds, thoughts, will, doth antedate.
And how know we thy God, or that we fell,
Or lost our former energies? Are we
Not equal in divided monarchy?
Greater—for let thy earth our triumph tell.
We are not what we were, we own; we sought
To dwell o'er ye in an essence too o'erwrought
Even for our subtle being, and were crossed
We know not how—our former place we lost.
We changed from light to darkness, such as ye
Say he doth choose for his own secret station,
To which ye as obscurely bow the knee:
Familiar to us now is our fierce sky,
As light erewhile, a separate heaven, where I
Seeking not hymns or slavish adulation,
Reign the anointed Lord!
And dost thou accuse
The Adamites of sin? Could they refuse
The lure placed purposely within their reach?
Their very weakness was given *not* to resist:
They recked not the fruit's taste—it was to teach
Knowledge, the life of gods, to purge the mist
From their too darkened eyes; believing this,
They plucked and were deceived—but not by me;
I would have made them all what they would be,
Giving in knowledge only happiness.

And for this sin—this seeking to be as you—
As me—the glorious beings !—they fell from their
Station, as I from mine,—but to despair.
Therefore did I descend, and open anew
The eyes of Cain, to see things as they were :
He slew his brother, a deadly error, but less
From forborne evil intent, than recklessness
Of a fallen spirit, which in its loftier mood
Curbed not its scorn, but would have shrunk from blood.

MICHAEL.

O subtlety profane ! who hath not seen
How innocent, how trusting they looked up
To God, and drank in faith as from a cup,
Until thou camest like a cloud between,
Shutting out hope and heaven : and dost thou put
On fate the workings of thy evil will
And pride—weak plea for unresisting ill !
Which aye, till Mercy's latest gate be shut,
Thou shalt teach on to erring mortals still.
Dar'st thou tempt *me* to question the Supreme ?
Who know by my own being, thy guilt, by all
I see, feel, hear around me, by thy fall,
Thy words so vain, thyself so changed and dim,
That I am nothing—as weak to fathom Him
As thou, yet less so now—even by the strength
Of my unshaken faith ! Hence—ere thy length
Of daring be too great :
Ere the wrath withheld be broke,

And annihilation's stroke
Blast thee, while thou hear'st from high
The voice which shall be fate,
Denouncing thee thy doom;
To strive for ever and in vain
Against him, while as with a chain
Bound, thou seest before thine eye,
In mute rage and agony,
His works unfolded.

LUCIFER.

Therefore do I come:
To prove supremacy with him on clay
Where he hath stamped his impress: let Cain be
The mark of trial between us, and do ye
Look on, and the superior power obey.
Evil and good already he hath known:
One he hath tried, rejected, the other's fruit
Is bitter: he hath prayed, although now mute
In his despair, and shall again, and own
Him as his god who then will hear and aid.
Mark him, ye seraphs! and in him behold
If man, the dust-formed, can be happy there:
If soul mixed up with baser mould,
Waging against it an unequal strife
With petty wants, and lusts, which yielded, bless
The craving appetite, and then depress,
Leaving a lead-like weight, a sickening sense
Of pain and weariness, and a despair

Heavier on the heart, from the intense
Feeling of having yielded to forbidden
Passion; and yet which checked, like a flame hidden,
Preys on the sands of life,
Too brief, too frail even in their natural course!
Can man be happy thus? regret, remorse,
Fear, which is hate disguised, shall still be his;
Hopes, and joys checked which would have given him bliss
(The only natural bliss for which he sighs,
Loving and being loved,) are to his eyes
Things interdicted, sins which draw away
His thoughts of heaven: if yielded, what remains
But that satiety, to which active pains
Are heaven; to feel how, day by day,
The mind sinks with a sense of its decay,
Hopeless as powerless, its last energy
To watch, and curse its impotence and die;
To see the forms of its idolatry
Lifeless and cold, and she to whom were poured
All the young heart's fresh feelings, when it is
Pure as a fountain in its loneliness!
No longer then adored
As a superior being; but changed and faded:
And by possession from that shrine degraded,
Which should have hallowed her—yet still live on,
Clinging to life, with all life's feelings gone,
Till Time, slow withering, gives again to the worm
All he once loved so well: if he stand firm

And quench all gentle impulse till his heart
Corrodes to clay, of which it is a part,
Still is the award the same—the same weak breath
Of pain and suffering, closed at last in death.

And this is man's inheritance, instead
Of the godlike one he aimed at! This is he,
Created image of the deity,
Yet, as by after thought in mockery,
Crushed for his pride aspiring so to be;
Awed, tortured, fettered, humbled until dead.
Ye are the wise, ye gods! who live and breathe
In the strength of your fixed faith, and seek no more:
Would that ye were permitted to bequeath
Your heritage to them! but to adore
And question not—be your faith strengthened still
By the deeds ye see on earth. I but fulfil
The task ye say is mine—here, in all space,
To hold divided empire, and where'er
Created things rebel and their chains break
Of habit, and feel from sensual dreams awake,
They are not what they should be—bend and hear:
And from their minds each stamp of heaven efface;
Lo—I depart: to worship is your place.

MICHAEL.

So let him go: it were to disobey
His will to stay him; let him work the way,
The path marked out, which shall the end unfold

His eyes are now too darkened to behold.
In its fulfilment is his punishment:
When he shall see how weak an instrument
He is himself, his deep intended ill
Made good, transmuted by a higher will,
Then shall they sink in heart, and own
How vain was their apostacy, and blind,
And turn again, and fall before the throne
Prostrate to God, and bend the adoring knee!
The seraph chords shall welcome them again:
And, rising o'er the choir, their voices then
Shall, like a long remembered melody,
Pleading for mercy, touch the Almighty mind.[1]

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Hark—how the voices from the earth are stealing
Solemn and sad to our immortal ears:
Too well the tale of guilt and death revealing,
And resignation and repentant tears!
Oh, by those sounds of sorrow, which appealing
To thee, sink never when the heart o'erflows,
Send down, oh Lord! thy spirit on them healing,
Give them support and patience in their woes.

[1] See Note at the end of the Drama.

SCENE I.

The Desert.—CAIN *sleeping, and* ADA *watching by him;* ENOCH *in the distance.*

ADA.

He sleeps: the rays of mid-day have oppressed him,
And the toil of his long exiled way, dragged on
Without a hope or end; these, and the weight
Of his own thoughts have been too heavy for him;
The burden is laid down; and he is free.
How tranquilly he sleeps! each faculty
Of mind and body absorbed in perfect quiet,
The calm rest of the guiltless, as now he is;
For the past and future are not, and consciousness
Awhile suspended, and the strife of thought,
And dull sense of oppression, and remorse,
That never dying worm—is slumbering now.
O God! that it *were* so; that he might rise
Fearless and uncontroled, forgetfulness
Thrown o'er his memory as a mantle hiding
That which should rest in darkness! Alas! I know
It cannot be, yet looking on him as
I now do, sleeping there, so seemingly
Resigned to his lot, whate'er it be, or good

Or ill, my too weak heart, indulging in
Its natural wishes will forget itself,
Feeding on thoughts which are become a sin.
The ways of God are just, and his atonement
Is but begun; those eyes will open, and light
And nature brighten round him and our smiles:
But at the instant like the lightning's flash
Will memory return, recalling harshly
All that he was and is.

No more, no more!
It is not *I* who should look back thus to
The past, and sink in hopelessness when I
Should be all hope, no—my path is marked
By my own heart, my duty and my joy.
We have been happy in other years, we may
Be so again, for who shall dare to bound
The mercy of the Lord? And when my Cain
Shall have tamed down his quick and restless spirit,
And knelt and owned his sins, shall he not have
Forgiveness? and if God forgives, shall not
The hearts of those now shut against him soften,
And yield, until at length we dwell together,
Subdued but happy still.

My Enoch! why
Dost thou so droop, my boy—art tired?

ENOCH.

No, mother;
But we are far from home, and I was sad

To think to-night none will be near to bless me
Before I go to sleep.

ADA.

None bless thee, love,
I shall watch thee—

ENOCH.

Ay, mother, I know that;
But then dear Zillah used to come to me
And smile so sweet, and Abel too looked on me,
And Eve, and all, and—they are not here now!

ADA.

Weep not, my boy! We are bound on a far journey,
But when 'tis o'er we shall all meet, and rest,
To part no more.

ENOCH.

But shall I, mother, *then*
See Zillah, and all? I am sure since we are gone
They have not been so happy!

ADA.

My own child!
Thou shall indeed behold them, come—rest here—
Thine eyes are dull and heavy—so—thou art tired.
My husband wakes!—no—but upon his brow
The pain is gathering, the inward strife
Of thought and passion is begun again:
Rest is no rest to him, his very dreams
Become realities, such as when waking
He struggles with in vain. Oh God! there are tears—

And now his frown grows darker, and his lips
Are compressed firm.

CAIN.

My Ada—is it thou?

ADA.

Why dost thou gaze so fearfully, and hold
My hand with such strong grasp?

CAIN.

I have beheld him.

ADA.

Whom?

CAIN.

Him, the mysterious and nameless One,
For how know I to name him? him, the Fallen,
The Opposing Principle, he who is great
And hath been greater, the Antagonist of Heaven,
Of whom our father hath told, whom I have followed
In life, as now i' the vision.

ADA.

Oh, my Cain!
Yet hear me—for the last time listen to me.
I do implore thee by that wakening boy,
Looking up at thee now, and watching for
His father's smile, which shall light up his own;
By thy own Ada, whom thou *hast* loved, or
By the memory of that quenched love, if still dear:
By thy aged father, bowed already down
To the dust by his afflictions! by thy God

Whose chastening arm and eye is on thee now—
List not to that false Spirit, struggle with
The pride and doubts he giveth—not thine own;
Thou art no match for him; and now unaided
Thou wilt fall lower, for thou hast not past,
(My heart tells me thou hast not,) the limit gates
Of his all infinite mercy: kneel but to God,
As I to thee, and like the shadows of night
Those evil thoughts shall pass from thee, and thou
Become as us again.

CAIN.

My own Ada!
Thou must not kneel to me—

ADA.

Oh, hath he not
Worked thee enough of ill? Art thou insensate
To thy changed state of being? Wherefore now,
Amidst a howling desert far from all?
Wherefore wert thou—alas! we are alone
We have left the precincts of our home behind,
Where still the Angels watched us; my weak words
Are nought, by God unaided or thy love;
While he, the Tempter, like the lion watcheth
To fold us in his toils; thou hear'st me not—
Thou see'st me not—thine eyes are fixed on vacancy
As if the vision—

CAIN.

It was *not* a vision,

But a reality as distinct as thee
I look on now. I stood upon the heath:
I' the distance stretched our father's tents; before me
The spot where Abel—it was night but starless:
I looked back to the pleasant home I had left,
I heard their evening hymn, and my heart swelled
With half forgotten memories! I envied
Their quiet happiness; I felt that I
Might have been happy! when methought I heard
The voice of Abel calling me as wont.
I turned and saw—

ADA.

Whom?

CAIN.

Him, the Fallen One!
I gazed and stood in fascination fixed:
I could not move away, I felt his power.
I knew, as from instant prescience, he was
The inspirer of my thoughts, which but for him
Perchance had never been; that he stood there
The ruler of my destiny. I saw
He was inferior to One; for the pride,
And sullen majesty on his dark brow showed
He was not what he would be; he seemed shorn
Of the lightning splendours he might once have walked in,
But, like the sun, he drew towards him more
In his setting glory! His vast wings were furled:
But intense light from his grand presence shone,

Making the darkness visible; one hand
He stretched towards me motioning me on:
The other uplifted pointed into space
Which, as the clouds rolled surging back, I saw
Sparkling with distant worlds. "Why, Cain" (his voice
Methinks thrills through me still)—"why on the earth
"Dwell'st thou an outcast? Follow me, if still
"The same high spirit is in thee to be free,
"And strive against a nature which would else
"Obscure its essence, grovelling like thy kindred
"In dust and blindness; shake off thy bonds of clay,
"And 'midst yon worlds thou shalt be happy yet.
"Thou know'st, thou *feelest* who I am—arise
"And follow me!"

ADA.

And thou—

CAIN.

I followed him!

ADA.

Even in thy dreams thus ever are thy thoughts!
Beyond our life, and hopes, and simple joys
Thou hast ever been: what marvel, when thou hast
Forsook thy God? Oh, never wert thou as
One of ourselves; thy heart hath never opened
Its fulness, even to the charm of mutual love,
Sharing our joys and sorrows; or if thou didst
For a moment own them, how hast thou relapsed
To double gloom, as if in mockery of

Thy nature, which could so forget itself
As to be happy! Yet, oh yet, my Cain!
'Tis not too late; let the past be as nothing,
And oh, believe and prove what thou hast lost.
Feel'st thou no joy, no quiet happiness,
No soothing sense of satisfaction in
Loving and being loved? Is there no weight
Removed from the heart in knowing there is one
To share all, bear all with thee? to soothe grief,
Yea, to so soften away its human pain
By a superior love, the cup so temper
With words of consolation and sweet hope,
That even its very bitterness shall seem sweet,
Forgotten in the love that offers it!
O hadst thou owned the force of these fond ties,
Weak though they be! how happier hadst thou been
Than wasting this brief life apart, opposing
Thyself to God, and thy own nature, torturing
Thy mind with sullen thoughts, the impulses
Of the Evil One, whoe'er he be, which hath
But made thee wretched.

CAIN.

And who sought that wretchedness
Thou speak'st of? Who seeks evil for itself?
Would I not rather be like thee, be aught
Save what I am? Did I not love thee once
Beyond the rest, even as my passions were
Loftier than theirs? Did I not ever strive
To be like them, taming the impetuousness

Of my nature down? Why I have plunged among ye,
Determined to forget the haunting thoughts
Which made my solitude a hell! But who
May wrestle with his fate? I was thrown back
Upon myself, they *would* be heard; the scales
Fell from my eyes and I saw—knowledge: saw
How impotent we are in ourselves, how fooled
By our gross sense beyond prevention; lured
To cling to a life whose very existence hangs
On intermitting moments, from the dread
Of *not* being, stamped so in us, and to renew
Blindly the same in others, while our reward
Is dust and ashes. I felt a spirit in me
Which could embrace all things chained down to
Gross wants, it loathed itself for having, yet felt
Its impotence to subdue, by yielding made
Each hour a weaker slave. These are the thoughts
That have changed, poisoned all my nature, hating
Myself for them, yet powerless to be otherwise.

ADA.

Alas! that it was ordained, that tree of knowledge,
Whose fruits are such; well is it that our God
Withheld it from us.

CAIN.

Ada, thou err'st, and speakest
With more than a woman's weakness: think'st thou *He*
Opened my eyes to condemn that which is
His own? Would he not rather have blinded me?

Hath *knowledge* made me wretched? 'Tis the life
Of gods, the aspiration of all but God
Himself—yea His—unless he knoweth his Origin!
No; 'tis the consciousness of pettiness,
Of limited powers, which might be so intense,
As to embrace all things, and yet facultied
Even in its narrow ken to see injustice
It cannot rectify, but yield to; feel oppression
And know, yet bear it, chewing the ashes of knowledge
Without the higher fruit; and yet the pride
Of knowing this—the consciousness of being—
For who though full of pain would not be?—and
In stooping not to the yoke like the driven brute,
But resisting nature with the fixed will,
Gives joy that mocks the evil it complains of.

ADA.

That thou shouldst come to this! that flesh so weak
Should yet rise up and sit in judgment on
The Highest, and condemn him! No—it is not
Thyself who speak'st thus, but the Spirit, who hath
made thee
To glory in thy guilt.

CAIN.

But thou shalt not,
My Ada, see pangs thou canst not soften, which
If shared, would make thee like myself: think not
That I will wither thy life so opening and,
So full of love; that I would come between

Thee and thy boy, and chill as a sullen cloud
His buoyant warmth of spirit, which shall expand,
Making all round him happy; that I would take thee
From the home of thy young days, to both endeared,
Though unto me so vain.
O never more
Shall I beneath the patriarch's evening tent
Meet my own brethren assembled round!
No more behold them, placid and resigned,
In love and peace united; and hear rise
The melody of their deep and blending voices,
Like the incense cloud borne upwards through the air
Triumphantly to heaven! while the Spirit
Of peace ineffable and holy love,
Descended on them, sanctifying all!
Why was I not as they? why obdurately
Harden myself against them? why did not He
Soften, and make me feel all that I lost:
Knowing I should be happier, and was not happy,
And having power to make me as he chose.
Oh I am tossed among my thoughts as a leaf
I' the rushing waters! I walk on without
A light, or hope: I go to question *Him*
Who hath impelled me in moments of rash impulse
To act the thoughts and deeds I loathe when done!
To vindicate my will, which, free as thine
Had been as pure; then crush my chain—and die!

ADA.

Cain! fearful are the conflicts of thy mind,
Fierce and perturbed: the jarring elements
Of good and evil are met in awful strife,
Mixed with the last gleams of expiring virtue!
Oh, turn to him who only can allay them!
That he may shed one ray of light within
Thy mind, benighted 'midst its stormy passions,
To show thee the wild havoc they have made!
Oh, if thou softenest—

CAIN.

Wouldst thou be exiled
From all who love and honour thee, to toil
Life out with me i' the desert, 'midst the rage
Of elements as wayward as myself?
Nay, hear me on—wouldst thou, thy boy, thy child,
Thy only one, my Ada, tear from all
He loves, to grow up wild and tameless as
The beasts he wars on, till perchance his rage
Spares not even thee? Wouldst wear thy days and nights
In hearing him whose hands are red with blood,
Madly accusing heaven? or see him sink
In sullen apathy, which shall turn at last
Hatred to thee, the spy of his secret thoughts,
Which ask no commune, and despair of hope,
Which he would bury in sullen selfishness
Within that grave—his heart; thy watching love

Would but recall her whom I left a widow,
My son, of him whom I made fatherless.

ADA.

What wilt thou, Cain! thou dost not—

CAIN.

Ada! look on me;
Dost thou not see me struggling with my nature?
This bosom vainly labouring to o'ercome
The agony of its sacrifice, while it gives
Its greatest, last, perchance sole proof of love.
A sacrifice of self, which would weigh in
The scale, if aught of good could balance there
The weight of my iniquities. Lo, yonder
The blue smoke rising from the patriarch's tent;
The way is clear, nor far;—go, Ada, take
Thy child with thee, he is young, and soon will cease
To remember me: let him not know
He had a father, never let him hear
What he was—be his crime buried in darkness.
Nay look not thus upon me, my own Ada!
For by the living God whom thou dost worship,
Thou canst not change me! By thy life I swear,
By thy boy's hopes, our loves, and thy own God,
Thou shalt not with me further—I have done thee
Too much of ill already, but thou wilt
Forgive—

ADA.

Oh God! do I hear thee?—No, and yet

Thy lips are quivering—thy heart heaves with passion.
Wilt thou forsake me, Cain, in my distress?
Me, whom till now thou hast ever turned to in
Thy sorrows: hast thou the heart to do this thing?
Canst thou abandon me? By all most dear—
Alas! what is or was—by our young days
Together, those trusting innocent days!—recall them
But a moment, a brief moment, then look on me
And feel the change now! by our own child—kneel wretch,
And pray—look down on us—look on the child
Of thine own loins, the young, the unformed helplessness!
Thou couldst not leave *him*—I see the very thought
How it shakes thee: look on thy desolate wife,
Think of our utter wretchedness without thee!
I shall not long be with you—I feel I shall not—
O let me live that little while, and then
Die at your feet! You will not have remorse,
The burden of my death will not oppress you!
Remember——oh, he has no memory—
No gentle feelings to awaken! I—
I cannot speak—this pain—my heart...

[*She sinks down at the feet of* CAIN.

ENOCH (*runs towards her, wringing his hands.*)

My mother!
Father! she moves not, but lies still as Abel
When he—

CAIN.

Bring water from the rock! she will

Awake. — *(Looking upwards)* — God! these are the
beginnings
Of the trials thou hast allotted me: these are
The drops of thy burning vial on a heart
Scorched up already! [*Raising her from the earth.*
Pale wretched thing!
Thou art cut down too soon, thy strength is all
Unequal to the burden laid on thee.
O thou hast loved me well, too well; for I
Was all too rough and rugged a support
For softness such as thine! Thou couldst not mould me
As thyself, yet didst still cling on to the rock,
Barren and shelterless as it was to thee,
Shedding a beauty on its desolation!
Thou cling'st in vain, my Ada! I could not
Comfort, or love, or cherish, or protect thee.
If that I did not know myself that I
Never was formed to make thee happy, or
Feel it myself—could I deem there was
A hope, however faint, that some change might
Be wrought in me, some lightening of this load
Of apathy that weighs on my heart, and deadens
Its every impulse—I would press thee to it,
And forget all in thy deep love. But to see thee
Languish on life, striving with force unequal,
Dying before me daily, and I looking on
The ruin I made—no—it shall never be.
[*He supports her up against a tree.*

Farewell my own, my lonely one: and now
How lonely wilt thou be! One long, last kiss
On those pale lips that breathe not now the fragrance
Of violets sweeter than the couch we slept on!
Those eyes are fixed in their dim lifeless blue,
They see me not—they never shall again!
Yet, yet once more, the last I shall ever take—
And now the bitterness of death is past!

[*He breaks away from her.*

ENOCH *(returning with the water).*

My father! stay thy steps—He hears me not,
But I have brought the water in this shell.
My mother! Ah, she is moving.

ADA (*rises and looks wildly round*).

Is he gone?
Oh God, he *is* gone!

[*She staggers forward a few paces, when* ENOCH *supports her from falling.*

SCENE II.

A wild and solitary Desert.

CAIN (*alone.*)

'Tis o'er—this human agony will wear down,
The last I shall ever feel; for what doth dwell
Within our being but the memory
Of pain, and the fear of death? Yet Ada! I know
What I have lost, what thou wilt suffer; thou
Loved'st me with a surpassing love, which I
Never requited until now. Her grief
Will pass, and she will be resigned, yea happy.
And now I am alone—the bond is broken—
The links that bound me to humanity:
No eye doth look on me, no ear can hear,
The passionate thoughts long stifled, which, as aware
Of freedom, agitate this breast, that trembles
At what it is about to dare. Now only
Am I free to commune with earth's God alone.

(*Kneeling.*) Thou One Unknown, Unfathomable! how
Know I to call thee, or rather dare I, dust
And blindness that I am! Thou Uncreate!

Who art, and as thou art, invisible
Creater of all things, for they made not themselves;
But angels, as gods, and worlds, are emanations
Of thy o'erflowing fullness, who apart,
Centre intense of all Eternity,
Throughout all height, and depth, and space enthroned,
The Life of all, dwell'st like the absorbing Deep,
Boundless and fathomless! And were they not
So I were, I should know thee; by myself—
By my thought struggling to *know*—for whence
Its impulse, but to lead to thee who art
Fountain of knowledge? I looked round to
Thy visible works—the crags that pierce yon heaven,
Looking as enduring: I heard voices in
The waters and woods, and felt there was a Power
And feeling known among themselves; I poured
My heart to them—but gained no answer.
Then knelt I, Lord, to thee—I have called thee, oh!
How often, but perchance with coldness, or
Doubt which was pride, but not that lowliness
Of chastened heart, such as they say thou lovest:
Such as I feel appealing to thee now.
Thou didst create me who might not have been,
And foresaw'st all I should be, yet I was;
Therefore am not as nothing, but rather formed
To work some end. My hands are guilty, Lord!
Red with a brother's blood; I stretch them to thee,
And offer myself a sacrifice to thy will!

Thou art mighty in punishment, oh be mightier in
Forgiveness! I justify not myself;
Have I not suffered inwardly? Would I not
Thou Seer of Hearts, have rather given up
My life than shortened *his?* Strove I not still
To temper this impetuous nature to
A most unnatural calm, which, lost in a moment,
Made me the thing I am?
Prescience! why mad'st thou me to mar thy works?
To stain where all was pure? Was it to *prove*
The difference of good and evil? Alas!
They knew it before, and wherefore was I chosen,
Who would have been otherwise?
Alas, these thoughts!
Thou Power! again I call thee—here i' the desert—
With a heart chastened and submiss, and open
To thy rebuke, thy merited wrath, of which
I have but tasted, but will drain to the dregs;
Here do I kneel, and from my inmost being
I do implore thee enlighten here my blindness!
Make me to see how I erred and could avoid,
And why thou madest me to walk in ignorance,
Striving for knowledge! help me to check these doubts;
Make me, if not to see thee,—and who may and live?—
To feel, to know thee; give me but a sign,
A voice, to say thou art; or give me now
That inward consciousness which tells thou hearest,
Though it tell me I am unforgiven! Hear me,

Thou Lord of Heaven—thou who art enthroned
Beyond the stars!

[*A pause.*

Yea, it is so; my father's curse hath told,
And my day of grace is past. Why, as I knelt,
I felt within me a sick hopelessness
I dared not own to myself; and now, the feeling
Chilled, that still buoyed me up, I stand deserted
Alike in earth and heaven!
Would I again were the quiescent dust
That formed me,—aught save what I am; a flower,
Or leaf, or cloud, or bodiless being, that thinks not,
But is borne onward in instinctive life,
Changing and ever varying: oh, that I were—

LUCIFER.

Arise! That wish, Cain, was unworthy of thee.

CAIN.

What art thou?

LUCIFER.

Behold!

CAIN.

Ah!—then the tale is true,
And thou art whom I doubted, the great rival,
Or second but to One. Magnificent Spirit!
Do I look on thee unblasted? I see still
The thunder trenched upon thy regal brow,
Like the red streak of lightning through the cloud!
Yet pride is deeper stamped, and scorn of all:

And the unconquerable will.
I have strove to shape thee
In my vain imagings, but how unlike!
I could now, yielding to my weak fears, fly,
But that my knees feel rooted, and a power,
A fascinating influence, draws me towards thee,
An inward sense that now may be my own,
All my soul asks of knowledge.

LUCIFER.

Yea; but thou
Hast not bowed down and owned me for thy Lord.

CAIN.

I have never bowed but to One.

LUCIFER.

To none!

CAIN.

How?

LUCIFER.

Hath he heard thee?

CAIN.

I know not.

LUCIFER.

Look on me,
Thou less in thy base fears than man! *Feel'st* thou
He hath? is there that calm, that consciousness
Of knowing that he hath listened?

CAIN.

Alas! no.

LUCIFER.

Then where is he who should have heard? Thou called'st
him
In the sweat of agony; I saw thee grovelling
Like a vile worm i' the dust, lamenting that
Which thou wert born to do; accusing him,
In thy blind ignorance, thou wert praying to.
If he be prescient, he foresaw and sanctioned it;
Or why not hold thee from slaying a fellow man
So young in life? But if omnipotent,
Couldst *thou* withstand his will? The crime in thee
Then is not, or pardoned; being but the tool.
But how is he good who approved the deed,
Permitting it? how just, if he punish thee?
And yet art thou not punished? If the knowledge
Of him ye pray for were the end of happiness,
As ye believed it was when ye were fooled
To pluck the fatal fruit, why were ye driven
From Eden like brutes, aspiring to be gods?
Knowing only ye must die; why wert thou now
The hopeless thing I found thee?

CAIN.

I hear thy words, and comprehend their meaning;
Yet whither doth it tend? His attributes
Thou dost deny, but not himself, who is
Thy superior.

LUCIFER.

Never—from the beginning

I have warred against him; to be opposed is
Innate in our very essence, coeval with
Our being, or decreed by a Destiny
In itself absorbing either. I dwell separate
As he, the First, how know I otherwise?
For when was I not? would *He* have made me
To baffle him? and what else have I done
But still held on divided reign, yea even
The balance against him through infinity!
Witness his recreated earth; your bliss
Was ignorance: he gave ye life, if ye
Will have it so; but to know that life, and rise
Beyond it, was withheld.

CAIN.

And hath thy gift
Restored the happiness we have lost? Are we
As when in ignorance we believed in God
Too much to question him; when all appeared
Good, therefore was so, what recked the delusion,
So we were happy? What are we now with
Our eyes opened? what has the fruit yielded
Which was to lead to heaven? To know we must die,
Not how to 'scape it: had'st thou taught us that,
We had indeed been grateful.

LUCIFER.

If ye be not,
Blame him who gave it ye and death, not I.
I but showed evil given, and would have taught ye

The remedy. Your life as happiness
Was false, can such exist in deception? or
Would ye not rather *know* than be flattered on
With breath supported only to renew
A course of most degrading wants, which are
Born with it and die; the baits which make ye cling
Blindly to your frail being from the fear
Of worse, or none. I drew the film from your eyes,
And ye saw Truth, which is but the agreement
Of mind with things which are recognized as shown,
As part of its being, natural, or innate.
Ye felt ye had energies for nobler things,
Overlooked till then, could I have changed ye otherwise?
Truth in its nature is unchangeable,
Or had I stooped to make dust wretched? that
Were siding with your Maker. True, ye cannot
'Scape Death, and mean were the attempt as vain;
But ye may meet, yea rise beyond it, by
A superior will, its own lord, which, beyond
Or hope or fear, shall raise ye to be as us,
So high soars knowledge.

CAIN.

And if man, indeed,
Can rise above himself thus, as thou sayest,
(And I already have felt the truth) and create
A will as fixed and steadfast as your own,
Which mocks at change or accident, may he not

Aspire to higher things, hope a reward
Beyond this life for his endurance in it?
Hath he not something of your immortal nature?

LUCIFER.

Virtue's reward is centered in herself,
As life, and warmth, and vigour in that Sun
Which pure and godlike doth the most resemble her!
We are eternal and cannot cease to be;
And the words death or change (the thing the same)
Are as impossible to us, as it is
For dust to share our immortality.

CAIN.

Spirit! I know that I must die: I have seen
Death, the all-dreaded, which until seen I could not
Shape forth or believe in. I could not believe
That we, so young, so fond, so full of life,
Could be wrenched away so soon, while clinging to it
In all our ripe affections. I could not
Deem God could part or destroy the things he made;
Or see them wither away from what they were,
Having made them so lovely! for I thought
That God was Love, loving the things he made.
Yet, Spirit, though thou, immortal as thou art,
Didst tell me I should die all; that this voice
Or rather that within—I know not what—
Of which it is the echo—that these feelings
Which, as thou say'st, throw o'er the beautiful
Beauty it had not in itself—these thoughts,

That, wandering o'er the visible world, rest not,
But struggle to the stars, yea e'en beyond
To the throne itself of God, unsatisfied
And yearning there !—say'st thou that these shall perish
Quench'd with this body in all-absorbing death;
I could not, if I would, believe thee!

LUCIFER.

Death
Will open many wonders; but I speak of life,
For much must come between ye.

CAIN.

What is then
The happiness thou said'st should be mine while here?
Would that by any effort I could find it!

LUCIFER.

Partly thou hast it, being as thou art,
In knowing good from evil: in feeling the film
Of blindness withdrawn, and your eyes opened to
The mysteries of a new being spread around ye,
Which ye may penetrate—if that ye dare.

CAIN.

What *dares* man not do—put me to the proof.

LUCIFER.

Hadst thou not differed from thy clay so as
To cease to be of it, I had not stood here:
Thou didst not call *me*, and hadst thou, think ye
It had availed? Deem ye Eternity
Can stoop to dust, and share its little thoughts,

And idle ravings of good and evil? words
Made things by your vain fancies, as ye *make*
Their makers, made but to torment ye, so
Fruitful is man in adding to his fears.

CAIN.

And yet they think that they are heard.

LUCIFER.

Hast *thou* been?

CAIN.

Yea, by thyself, and it may be, by the Other,
When I was once as—

LUCIFER.

Offspring of earth, attend!
Couldst thou compare an atom like thyself
To me—abstracting the immortality,
And ubiquity of essence uncreate;
Absorbing in itself the infinite,
All space, all thought, all feeling, and all life;
Thy state in the grade of life's eternal being
Were as a type, a mirror of my own.
I was like thee, as reverent and as happy.
I rose as from a vision, yet it was not,
For I was what I am: still is a consciousness
Within me of existence indistinct,
Where ONE was whom all worshipped—even I;
But I was as far removed from them, say as the sun
From the ant-hill which it warms. I sate upon
My glorious throne, and when I saw them kneeling

To Him, the Unseen One, I believed, and knelt,
And prayed to be raised and know him—but in vain.
I rose, and stretched my wings through space, the infinite
Lay open before me, but He was not there:
A quickening Power was forming, changing round me,
But the Visible Energy was unbeheld!
I called—I asked but for a sign, as thou:
Doubt then arose, and pride; they looked up to me,
As second but to One, and where was He?
I raised my voice, and one half heaven heard me:
They girt me round with seraphim, and knelt
Lowly in adoration, hailing me
The God of Gods! Then came a change—a struggle—
An agony—which thou, if told, couldst not
Shape forth, or conceive—I stood a separate king,
In separate space—Lord everywhere but there.
Thence, star by star, have I contended 'gainst
This invisible God, or Destiny, in
A strife of hate which cannot end, until
One or both of us be annihilate!

CAIN.

Alas! the wonder and the mystery—to gods
Unfathomable, what to man! Alas!
That the desire of knowledge should exist
In those who should be all knowledge, and engender
Ambition, and become a crime, which else
Were so godlike! and doubly alas! the briefness

Of little life, which ere we can arrange
Our thoughts confused and vague, so painfully
Built up with toil and time, is quenched again
In the darkness it begun in!

LUCIFER.

Such hath been
Ever the sigh of dust, such is the effect
Of giving clay too fine a sense of life
And feeling; thought and matter are matched
Unequally; they war and are a check
On each other till they separate: the one
Clings to its earth and revels in earthly joys;
The other soars onward, shaping immense desires,
As vast as is its impotence to grasp them,
Till it sinks exhausted in despair as low
As its hope soared high. In one wish both unite,
To cling to the frail tenement that holds them,
Which by their inward strife decays the sooner.

CAIN.

Oh, why were we not made all spirit, free
As the bird i' the air to seek out knowledge, with
A space as boundless before us! What joy were
In the flight, still leading us more near, and near,
Till lost in Him or in Infinity!

LUCIFER.

Ye are, though least in the scale, as necessary
As others in the highest. Waste not life
In vain repinings, which is weakness, not strength.

What ye *can* do ye know not till ye prove;
Your faculties, it may be, have extension
Even till they reach our own: to the evils
Which ye lament and feel as such, oppose
Thyself—the noblest enemy! Stand erect
Over the host of petty wants and passions
Which would degrade ye, as a conqueror
Of a weak being which had yielded, but
For mind, that like a fire upon an altar
Made them gross sacrifice to its nobler element!
And is not mind sublime thus in its nature,
When purified from each stain of clay, beyond
Each lure, and selfish feeling, fear, or hope,
It burns erect and stedfast towards heaven,
Without reward, save in its own grand nature!
Why, 'tis usurping the attributes of God,
For which we fell as ye; or would ye rather
Quail from the painful task, for such it is,
And live a slave to each low lust and appetite,
Until, worn out, ye die at last as meanly
As ye lived?

CAIN.

Thy words thrill through me, and with
A new awakened life invigorate
Each slumbering impulse, kindling once more
Those thoughts and yearnings—But what to thee are
the thoughts
Of dust?

LUCIFER.

Nay give thy heart forth, it is full.
Had I not sympathized with the thoughts of earth
I had not stood here.

CAIN.

Nay think me not so all inferior:
Brighter thou art and mightier far; but oh,
My spirit hath yearned with longings high as thine!
I stood alone from boyhood, formed as the rest
In outer lineament, but else as separate
As earth from heaven. The hues and beautiful forms
And life and joyousness of passing things
Gladdened me not as once; I felt imprisoned,
And wandered restlessly from place to place,
As though to 'scape from self; a void was in
My heart, which love, not even Ada's, though
So loved, could satisfy. But when night came,
And all familiar things were hidden, and darkness
Brought the mystery I loved, then by the rock
Or cavern, or on the mountain's height I stood,
And was happy, because alone, and my heart opened
Which ached with its fullness. I looked up to those
Mysterious Lights, those ever-living Fires,
That through the firmament's floating depths roll on
In awful silence, or in melody
Heard but by Him who made them! Then, then only,
My all unbounded spirit had its range!
I saw what I could look upon for ever.

All—even the thirst for knowledge was forgot,
It was enough to stand abstracted there,
And blend my being with their eternity!
Oh, the intoxication of those hours!
The conscious *feeling* of the immortal in me,
Or of deserving such, which then was faith;
The deep, the rapturous joy in standing alone
In commune with the absorbing Infinite!
The pride in feeling, though dust, my equalness
To comprehend them, and the certainty
In knowing myself greater than I was!

I stood by the dark trees, my eyes fixed on
Those lighted heavens, with half-stilled breath and motion,
Fearful to break the silence, or the voice
I had wound myself to hear, till from the sounds
Of night I shaped it calling—it was phantasy!
I knelt down then in the love and adoration
Of a full heart all open to its God!
I called Him through the hollow abyss of Night!
From the cave, from the wreck of a crushed world I called
To Him, the Maker and Destroyer, for
A sign—a word, to tell me what I was,
And for what end created? if I should
Live again and know him, or might know him now
But to fulfil my being in adoring him!

I bent my brow to the damp earth, and listened—
Oh, *how* I listened for an answer—but
It came not—the leaf fell lightly down by me—
But through the void of earth and hollow air
All was a death-like silence, broken only
By my self-startling voice! It sunk in my heart
The very chill of despair: the certainty
Of being unheard, my hope and strength were gone,
And I sunk to sleep in my most useless tears.
The day came, and my sorrows were congealed,
And my thoughts buried, not quenched, thus making me
A hypocrite to them as to myself,
For I knelt down as they, and heard them worship,
And felt they would be heard—and knew I should not.
They told me I should be content, nor seek
To know; that knowledge was pride, and in them punished,
As in me; that I should blindly walk as they,
They willingly—I, knowing I was blind!

LUCIFER.

Comfort thyself; thou art not first in such
Fond aspirations, struggles to ally
Thy human nature to divine. Thou hast
Retraced the path of those who had life, but they
Knew the search vain, and clung to life for itself,
As ye, to know it; and both were foiled; but they
Were as superior to ye, as your sons shall——

CAIN.

And have there been before us? have there been
Who have suffered here as we? who have drawn the
breath
Of degradation, and found evil unsought
As loathed, and agonies wrung drop by drop out;
With the consciousness of loving good, and weakness
To reach it? and so died—Alas, the wretches!
But they are at rest as I shall be, for the end
Must come: where are their traces?—I have seen
No marks of man except our own.

LUCIFER.

Behold!

[*The earth opens beneath them.*

Descend; fear not—but on with me.

CAIN.

Lead on!

[*They descend into the abyss.*

SCENE III.

The Centre of the Earth.

LUCIFER.

The darkness is past, and rushing airs—Look up!

CAIN.

Why what a vision of mighty things is opened!
O Earth! how wonderful are thy hidden secrets;
What masses of glorious shapes, all indistinct,
Are heaped and wedged together, ruin on ruin;
Things living from the dead, and they transfigured
To other life as strange and new; bright forms
Obscured, and meaner ones decked in
False lustre not their own.

LUCIFER.

Earth's womb is opened:
Behold the Elements in their central force,
Which formed the Whole around them and are here
Renewing ever. The receptacle
Of all above, which looking unchangeable,
Have here an origin as mean as thine:
The chaos whence they rose from to return.

CAIN.

My senses are bewildered, my brain reels
With the multitudinous things it cannot grasp;
My eyes are dazzled by the unnatural glare
Of that red fire flashing from those masses
Of matter, molten like the clouds around
The setting sun, illumining the gloom
With lightnings, showing those huge rocks which swell
Up from the abyss beneath in formless grandeur,
Whence the Airs come rushing forth, and roar of Waters
Like subterranean thunder. Whither leads it?

LUCIFER.

To the great heart of the earth, whence it reflows,
Veining her arid breast with life and vigour,
Ebbing again to be again renewed.

CAIN.

And yon broad stream of mounting fire, that coils
Like a serpent up that height, say doth it reach
The upper airs, and blaze like an altar there?

LUCIFER.

It is the element of the quick Spirit of Life
Which is interfused through infinity,
Eternal, self-existent—Origin
And perchance End of all material things;
Which fills, as in thee its spark, the unbounded All
With life and energy and motion. This
Power, felt though unseen, shall man adore as God:
Ignorant that its very being is drawn

From the grosser elements which feed it, as
Varying, but as eternal as itself.

CAIN.

What are these broken masses near us, rounded
As the trunks of trees, but of a dazzling whiteness,
And stamped with unknown imagings, and forms
And graven faces lovely though in ruin;
And among them are skulls, and round their brows
Circles of stones like stars in lustre, placed
As in mockery of the rottenness they clasp?

LUCIFER.

The pillars of the dwellings of earth's kings:
Built to eternize them, as they hoped, on earth.
For which man ever sighs, from an innate feeling
Which he doth strive to hide even from himself,
The perishableness of his being: hence the pride
That struggles against it; and in softer natures
A yearning to those left, and, themselves nothing,
A wish to leave on the life of others the memory,
The shadow of their own. Behold the crowns
They wore when man bowed down and worshipped them.

CAIN.

How? bow to dust as themselves—where then was
God?

LUCIFER.

Where he now is: they saw him not, and worshipped
What they beheld, the stars and visible sun,
His symbol or himself, for man must have

A *present* object, he cannot grasp the unseen,
Which still eludes and mocks his efforts; and so
He dived into the bowels of the earth,
And from her bright dross shaped forth God in his
Own form; what other could he image? and gave him
His weaknesses and passions; how else could
He sympathize with man? To him they knelt,
Their worthy Idol, one as yet; but as
They felt new passions goading them along
Despite themselves, they deified them, making
Gods of their own abasement. What marvel at
The sequel? the strong oppressed the weak, none helped,
For each was wrapt in a selfish love of life,
And vindicated by their gods their deeds.
And all had perished by fraud or force, but then
They met, and raised a king above them, and gave him
A throne, and the present power of life and death,
And he trod on their necks, as slavish now
As erewhile fierce; and he ruled with iron sway,
Till power and pride his very nature changed
Into a monster; and he claimed kin with God
By desolating earth; and man believed him,
And ranked him, dead, among their gods. But the hour
came
And all were swept away, and here are only
The mouldering monuments of what they were.

CAIN.

Alas! to think of what they were and are!

How my heart yearns to them, my fellow men!
To think they lived, thought, felt, enjoyed like me;
Perchance their very errings but the fullness
Of a too o'erflowing heart, which could not check
The tide that bore it on. And they who shared
Life with them, and gave its most unearthly joys,
Woman, the fond, the beautiful, gone too,
Like a vision, and her fine sense of love and being,
Shrinking from aught save most refined delight,
Reduced to this!
O thou detestable Death!
Thou stern unmasker of that veil which robes
All things with beauty, which if it delude
The too fond sense with the unreal, doth so
But to make us happy! What were life stripped of it,
The waste, the naked *real* that it is *here:*
And we but masses of corruption, to
Be shrunk from at last, as we shrink now from these!
Thou senseless degrader of all lovely things!
What reward, end hast thou? Feel'st thou delight
In seeing forms once beautiful become
Like thyself, gaunt and hideous? Abhorred mockery!
Thou art the dupe, not they—they did but yield
To a fate it were vain to oppose, but thy blind fury
Is ever baffled thus in their renewal.

LUCIFER.

Thou dost, as is man's wont, embody the creature
Of thy own thought, forgetting it the law

Imposed on thy condition; else thou wert
As one of us. Death is a word, a thing
Thou hast not understood: nought dies, in body
Or spirit, or can; but changes, and the change
Is dreaded, because unfamiliar.

CAIN.

How? Is not death an evil, a degrading—

LUCIFER.

Offspring of dust, to which thou hastenest, hear me!
Thou art a part, a living active part,
Of the earth thou tread'st on; never was there time
Ye were not, as now, or in other form transfused;
For all is Life, and life is all in all;
Sole self-existent Principle, which, like a sound,
Flows from the heart of the world, the sun and airs
Kindle its motion, till being's lowest chords
Give a faint echo to the vital melody!
Thou art an atom of this whole, which is
Itself least part of the infinite All: its elements
Are met in thee, as its own form, whose least
Action and motions thou dost mirror in
Thine own, unconscious; and dost sympathize,
And art drawn towards as a parent, to whom
When thy frail particles adhere no more
Thou shalt return; the great Receptacle
Absorbing, to generate thee in other form.
So that which thou call'st *death*, is but in fact,
The link connecting each new change, in each

Of which is equal happiness. Each atom
Of the mingling Elements live, nay, are all life,
The infinite composite of infinity:
Filling all space, yea, forming it, as water drops
Do the circumfluent Ocean, forming thus
Enormous aggregates of matter, islanding
Themselves i' the space; until their mass of life,
Struck by some mightier impulse, or decomposed
By the law of their own natures, part again,
Attenuated to nothing. As the tree
Scatters its seeds on earth which are the germs
Of other trees, so these diffused apart
Wander through space, and vegetate new worlds.

CAIN.

What meeting atoms could mould this human form
In all its outward majesty, and inner
Sense of the beautiful, and innate perception
Of good and evil as gods? Whence its idea
Of God, unless by spirit allied, for how
Can matter of itself embrace aught spiritual?
True, it returns to clay—is clay—but who
Raised it *from* thence? breathed into it, and said
Live—and stand up erect towards heaven! *Who*
Based this huge world on nothingness, and cried
"Let there be Light!" when like an altar rose
The glorious Sun, ethereal Fire, pure symbol
Of God—like God himself—throned o'er the clouds
Of buried Darkness? When man create knelt down

And poured himself in orisons! Chance could not;
For chance is nothing: vague atoms unimpelled
Could never form a harmony; the Earth
Of herself did not; for what other work of hers
Resembles us?

LUCIFER.

Can things which are eternal
Themselves, be made or destroyed, or have beginning
Or end? Can something spring from nothing? or aught
Which is, not be? If ever form was not,
It is not now, or could have been; for who
Could mould it from nothing? An immaterial Being?
But how can spirit make matter, and *who* made him?
For so, though fear withheld, an inner feeling
Prompts thee to ask, by the law of thy frail senses,
Which, impressed on by things around, and fleeting,
Dependant, and successive, make thee imagine
Thou see'st in each effect a cause, and so thou risest
To a Maker, judging of things eternal by
The same false measure, when were all thy impresses
Of fleeting thought once *present*, thou couldst not
Comprehend time, space, or bound, which chain thee now
To a most endless delusion. I have told ye
That ye were ever, and from ye, i' the scale
Of being downward to the least, each atom
Doth live, move, change, excelling one the other
In outward form or inner faculty;

But all united in a harmony,
Feeling the kindred sympathies of life:
And mirroring the action of the whole.
Thus rising from the invisible infinite,
To things which creep on earth, up even to
The beasts of the field; and do they not approach ye
In form, and in some energies superior?
If they, earth's mightier offspring, then are sprung
From lesser things, and they, still lessening to
The least things visible, yet all connected
With the highest—what greater marvel is there thou
Shouldst crown the chain, excelling brutes inferior
To thee, as they to the primeval seeds
Of being which they crush beneath their tread?
How then couldst *thou* embrace the Eternal Now,
The Unchangeable, and uncreatedness
Of the uninclosed All, and space, and the infinite,
And the two principles? *Thou!* dust and ashes!
And yet while suns are crushed and worlds, with all
Their vast existence, and others hurled in being,
As countless as the sands and light i' the scale,
Thou lookest up, and wouldst be confidant
With all, and judge—aye, and condemn all, when
The slightest atom displaced in thy frail brain
Would make thee nothing.

CAIN.

I hear thy words, and feel
The sense of nothingness thou wouldst impress in me;

And though I cannot answer, knowing their truth,
Yet I feel still I am greater than I know.
That is unshaken, stamped in my inmost being.
I may become annihilate, dust, nothing,
But there is that within me, what I cannot
Unfold, which I feel cannot die: a life apart
From the body, a thought, a consciousness of self,
A will, a power detached from the lower senses,
Which minister to and obey it, placed above them
As a judge whose fiat is formed within itself,
And hath a voice to praise or to condemn
The things it yielded or withstood. Else whence
Those loftiest aspirations, yet undamped?
Thou knowest I have them, by what given if they
Be uncreate? Doth *all* dust sigh for life
Beyond it? Why, there are moments of bitterness
When I have mocked and hardened myself against them;
In vain—they *would* be heard: what was this inner
Self, that so ruled me in despite of self?

LUCIFER.

The conflict of two natures, acquired and real:
Which shall be magnified, as they are, to two
Deities contending for their earthly prize.
Look round thee; everywhere is infinite,
And thou a point i' in the midst of a circle which
Is eternal, along whose line thy course is bounded,
As the stars track through heaven. The visible world
And all its mighty works, and boundless heavens,

Are imaged on thee as the clouds shapes are
On the stream; and enter in thee interfused,
As in their natural home, absorbing thee,
And making thee a part of what thou look'st on:
And thou feelest them elate, and draw thee towards them
By the sympathy of your mysterious union.
And so thou dream'st thou art as enduring, (for
Those impresses, though shadows, leave within thee
Memories and feelings that are indelible.)
How is't with thee when the ardour that buoyed up
Is past, and the retaining faculties
Sunk down in exhaustion?

CAIN.

Weaker than before;
For then I was content, resigned at least,
But after, thrown back on myself, was nothing.

LUCIFER.

That is the proper feeling of thy nature:
The other was false and feverish, which shall elate
Thy sons to a pitch of pride that would require
Check, were not sufficient found in themselves;
When the hopes they clung to seared, and dreams of good
And happiness outlived, and made a mockery,
And the knowledge-fruit they built on found but ashes,
And passions mastering and making them slaves;
They feel and own, in very sickness of heart,

The chilling unreality of all
They once so trusted. They shall strive as ye
To fathom things beyond, and as successfully;
And shall span earth and heaven, yea God himself
Shall be levelled by them; why he is, and was:
And build him altars, and then sacrifice
Themselves upon them, yea whole nations; till
By a change of the same wayward impulse, they
Deny, defy, dethrone him; and turn to
The stars, or sun, or visible Nature; and still
Through all their follies of disbelief or worship,
And frenzied faith, and persecuting zeal,
Know themselves liars.

CAIN.

If it indeed be so,
Why wrote he not himself in characters
That speak of themselves to man? Why did not
The stars in their courses shout with a thunder-voice
"Thou art!"—and earth from her caverns echo back
The truth, and end the doubts of her vain breathers?

LUCIFER.

Be it enough for thee to know thyself,
That is the sole foundation from which thou
Canst rise to higher knowledge: possessing that,
Thou hast at least one attribute of godhead
Till others shall be added.

CAIN.

O there is

One gift I would have, equal, or beyond it!
It is not only knowledge I seek, though high;
My human nature (oh, forgive its weakness,
So unlike thee!) would have repose to perfect
Its happiness, and one to share it with me;
A being like myself, to comprehend
And share my frailties and my changeful moods
Of joy and sorrow. I would rest upon
The bosom of such a one, and pour out there
The burden of my too-excited thoughts.

LUCIFER.

Rest exists not in man, or any being:
From the star to the central depths, there is nought at rest;
All are of elements, and ever varying,
As the Eternal Principle within them.
Man's life is moments, each creating wants
On which his being depends, regenerate
As they are gratified; these urge to effort,
And the strife to gain them, and create anew
Absorb his senses till the multitude
Of wants fill up and are existence, a circle
The same and endless, ever growing between
His sleep and waking. To such, rest were pain,
Or vacancy, or weariness, the effect
Of exhaustion: to thee it hath brought thoughts
Which else had slept, and memories of deeds
Thou wouldst forget; a vain remorse of the past,

And despair of the future; so that a life
Of active agony were endurable
Rather than such a state. Thy Ada loved thee
More than herself, why couldst thou not find there
The rest which thou so sigh'st for?

CAIN.

Alas! she
Was not like me, yet I loved her, till the fruit
Of knowledge was plucked which quenched love; she could not
Share the thoughts I hid from her, and we wept o'er
The broken ties I could not re-unite!

LUCIFER.

And think'st thou seeing others fairer, and
Of a higher order to which earth's forms were dim,
With the knowledge thou hast, and shalt have, thou couldst find
Happiness yet?

CAIN.

Spirit! but prove me—give me
Only forgetfulness—let me once more
Be what I was ere the tree was plucked; the past
May be forgot though it can not be quenched,
And the future is my own.

LUCIFER.

But if again
Thou sinkest in satiety, and feelest
Restless in being what thou art, and sighest

For what thou might'st be, blame not me, but Nature
Or thy Maker, which thou wilt: I would but prove
And perfect, but cannot change. I give thee all
Of freedom and of happiness thou canst bear;
More thou couldst not endure.

CAIN.

Take, take me hence;
This gloom doth weigh on me—I pant for air;
And the high hopes I once had, now come on me,
Anticipating certain happiness,
And knowledge and repose. How dim do these
Else glorious shapes appear in their false brightness,
How all inferior to what shall be mine!
Take me from earth—I *will* be happy—I will
In a happier sphere forget the agonies
I have endured in this! remembrance is
The curse I would flee from, the dull consciousness
Of guilt I would have shunned; that burden freed,
I shall be spirit all! the very thought
Doth so elate me, that methinks I feel
Earth is too dense, and wings within each limb.

LUCIFER.

The tie that binds thee is broken; rise with me.

[*Exeunt, soaring upwards.*

SCENE IV.

The Void of Space.

CAIN.

My brain reels, I am borne on with the wind,
Yet sink—

LUCIFER.

Fear not; thy strength is in thy faith;
That failing, thou dost perish. Look back fearlessly
To the world thou hast left behind thee.

CAIN.

Is it yonder
Enormous mass of shadow, dimly brightening
By those faint stars, which, as we distance it,
Circle it with a glory not its own.

LUCIFER.

Ay, all is seeming; nothing there or elsewhere
Is what it seems to thee while as thou art:
But for a proof thy earth *was* of inferior
Grade in the scale, look out around thee now!

CAIN.

O what a mass of living lights! O thou

Bright star-dewed wilderness of ether!
Thou black and vaulted infinite around me,
Lit up with waving Fires! Where do ye lead?
To the throne of the Almighty, step by step,
In scaling which dread track the angels fell
Headlong? Or are ye gods in yourselves, fulfilling
With choral hymn and mystic wheel the secrets
Of his ineffable will? Or are ye worlds
As beautiful and fading as wreathed flowers!
For ye seem scattered so in the profuseness
Of love, to wither there and die? Oh, no!
Ye are, ye look immortal! ye were not
Made to shine thus and perish, making him mourn
Who made ye, and none could look on ye and be
Your Destroyer.

LUCIFER.

Thou shalt see their inner state,
Then judge if it be happier than thine own.

CAIN (*not heeding him*).

Oh, that I were the Maker of them all!
Oh, that I were a god! a being unknowing
Or time or grief or change! that I might sit
Throned 'midst this infinity of starry worlds,
Of all their wonders, men, or gods, and climes,
Magnificent Creator! making all
Happy, and worshipped as I gave them happiness!
What else should emanate from a god? Oh that I
Could comprehend ye! No! this sick heart aches

With longings never to be satisfied. Thou Spirit!
Here let me die—I cannot wreak in words
The vastness of my great conceptions! take me
Now, while sublimed from grosser being I am
Worthier of immortality by rising
To feel it! take and make me what thou wilt,
Ere I sink back again, and curse my nothingness!

LUCIFER.

Poor clay! thy aspirations are indeed
Beyond thyself, of an immortal tendency,
And shall not all be quenched. Have I not told ye,
Much yet must come between ye? and wouldst thou,
On the verge of seeing all thou hast despaired,
Die now? Thou deserv'st it for thy wish. Why they
Were greater than ye—for they risked all for knowledge,
With the threat, death, rather than live by ignorance;
While thou shrink'st from the opening of that,
To which their knowledge was blindness, and with added
Certainty of life.

CAIN.

Nay, it is past; but why
Ever return to that earth so abhorred?
Why may I not live, where, I reck not, so
I have forgetfulness of that? Hast thou
Not power enough to grant me this?

LUCIFER.

Thou art

A part of it, and thy frail elements must
Rejoin the whole, rejected elsewhere: yet
So little dost thou know thyself, so less
What thou mayst be, that perchance even yet
Thou shalt yearn towards that very earth, as did
Thy parents to the tree, because forbidden.

CAIN.

Never, Spirit, never! what? revisit
The places where I walked in ignorance
And agony; stained too with guilt and horror,
And vain remorse? To see the averted eyes
Of my father and Eve, and perhaps hear their curses?
My Ada, too; no—she would not reproach me;
It was not in her gentle nature! but
She would *look* on me, and that look would
Have more of power than any of their words.
O never will I prove this, living; my dust
May flee there as thou say'st, but I as now,
No more!

LUCIFER.

Thou art deceived by a seeming strength
Of will and purpose which exist not in thee.
What fixed principle hast thou to oppose,
And model elements that are your life?
Where was this will, self, thought, and consciousness,
When they met and formed ye? They were impulses
That dwelt apart, innate in each, until
They joined in thee their breathing compound, from whence

They shall separate, and unmake thee, in despite
This phantasy of a self apart which rules them.
To will—*that self* should be unchangeable,
With power to reject the senses every impulse,
On which thy very life depends; to be
Uninfluenced by motive, choice, or aim,
Or end, or any passion, blind, and motionless,
To be insensate, which is not to be.
And is it so? Do ye not still look back
In your brief being, and marvel how most fixed
Resolves were broken, and contemned? but once
Imagined as unchangeable as are
Thy present impresses; still unaware,
They are already hastening to join them,
Urged on by others growing, and impelling thee
Still forward unresistingly. So that
Will, thought, and passion are as straws, borne on
The surface of being, dependent and blown by
The breath of circumstance; the current changing,
But the elements of nature still the same.

CAIN.

If man, then, hath no power of resistance
In himself, no faculty superior, but
Obeying most when struggling against fate,
Why buoy me up with the false hope of rising
By a fixed will, its own lord, which exists not?
Or worse, depends on causes as mean——

LUCIFER.

Despise not

Thy origin, the same in all; but rather
Think what thou *now* art who might not have been,
And be grateful for life's gift. Forgetting this,
Or veiling it from themselves from hope or pride,
What mystery shall man make of himself!
What a tangled maze will thought and all its faculties
Be wove in, end and beginning lost: what strife
Of spirit and matter, imaged until felt!
Conflict of impulses jarring with each other,
Till separated to their primal elements.
He shall discover nought is as he sees it,
But delusion as unreal as himself;
And feel that good and evil, and life and death,
Are sounds which he makes fears of, false creations
Of his mocked senses; and yet still go on
From age to age, weaving the same mixed chain
Of truth and error, acting the same crimes,
Until his little span is over, and all
Its petty agitations hushed in death,
And quiet; to be renewed in separate
Life, but far happier. He shall strive as thou
To rise o'er pain and accident; and some
By self-denial, and searing their human hearts
Till they be turned to stone, shall conquer; and
Be great, because unnatural, thus gaining
The unimitating praise of softer men,
The sole reward of their cold pride or virtue.
But they of gentler mould, yet as high an order,

Shall vainly war with their own passions, weaker
From each fond failure, still acting what they loathe:
Feeling and knowing themselves slaves to
Their lower sense, yet powerless to be otherwise,
And die in their despair. To the first order
Thou mayst arrive; take heed thou sinkest not
To the last.

CAIN.

What may avail me, being either,
Or aught, if I am indeed the nothing thou
Wouldst make me believe? which I can not: for I know
The will of my Thought is as unyielding now—

LUCIFER.

But there are weaknessess the heart may yield to:
Past feelings, buried, not extinct; when living
In Ada's love thou dream'st not to be here,
Why aught more strange, from a changed impulse, thy
Wish to behold her, and thy earth, again?

CAIN.

Ye know all: make or change me as thou wilt;
I care not, so the end come, and the mystery
Of life and death be opened. Hark! what sounds
Are those?—cries as of rage and agony,
Which swell methinks from the world we are nearing now,
Now fainter—drowned in the thunder of its course.

LUCIFER.

The shrieks of the slaughtered sacrificed to God,

To the God of Battles by the strong, as the
Best offering to him for whom they fought,
Who shielded them in the strife.

CAIN.

And will he hear them?

LUCIFER.

As he doth the victims whom thou hearest calling him.

CAIN.

The sounds grow deeper, like the roar of brutes.

LUCIFER.

Ay, human ones, the wildest; mark their deeds.

SCENE V.

World in Warfare.

CAIN.

I see a multitude swayed to and fro;
A mass of infuriate life, that rush on wildly
Against each other: many fall by the weapons
That are flashing o'er them: part are fleeing, part
Pursue, and hew them into pieces whilst
Upon their knees they fall down—on their knees,
And grasp the steel, and supplicate for mercy!
One sitteth on a glorious throne apart,
His arm is pointed towards them—is't to spare?

LUCIFER.

To destroy utterly: he is their king,
The delegate, as he saith, from God: so man
Doth rule his fellow men by fear and faith.
It is to fire their dwellings; seest thou not
How they are pouring in and slaying women
And helpless babes, and young and old; the fire
Burns like the altar of War's sacrifice;
And with the smell of blood, and mingling roar
Of murderers and murdered, reeks to heaven!

CAIN.

Alas! the helpless wretches—what great crime
Is theirs, abandoned thus by God and man?

LUCIFER.

They worship their own gods, which are not his,
Therefore doth he exterminate them; so
That not even cattle shall be spared, which are
Polluted by their crime. It is his mission
(As he saith) to spare nothing.

CAIN.

What God is his?
Or rather how *dare* he make God's awful name
The pander to his passions, and yet live?
Why smites not the great King of Kings the slave
Who dares usurp his attributes, and yet
Be without mercy! Oh! that in this hand
Were Lightnings, to transfix him where he sits,
A blackened corse, an everlasting monument
To the nations to be free! to kings a warning
There is a King above them! Oh, that yon Sun
Would stand still while 'twere done! *

LUCIFER.

Even so he hath
Invoked, but in another sense: cease thy
Vain wrath, which cannot change the immutable
Decrees of destiny; soon will this be

* "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

A voiceless solitude, where brutes shall lair,
And the birds nestle, till those dust-made piles
Are crumbled to dust again, mingled with that
Of the conquerors and conquered joined in peace.
Such hath been ever, and shall be: in man's self,
Whence springs the evil, is the remedy;
When he shall feel his own equality;
The weakness and the folly to raise one
Above his head, making him in that height
Of power forget his weak humanity,
Till he become a monster, and his slaves
By fear degraded lower than himself.

CAIN.

Take, take me hence—my eyes fail, my heart sickens.

LUCIFER.

Thou hast seen man persecuted, thou shalt now
Behold a nobler sight—man rise above it.

CAIN.

Whither goest thou?

LUCIFER.

To yon solitary star,
Which, shining fainter as we near it, is
Swathed in black clouds.

CAIN.

They gather round it as
An altar, is't so?

LUCIFER.

Ay, to Destruction;—enter.

[*They disappear in the clouds.*

SCENE VI.

World in Deluge.

CAIN.

What rushing sounds howl in my ears! the wind
Deafens my sense and dims my eyes, the lights
That shone are quenched: all is a wide, wild waste,
A desolate void! the chaos of a world
Unmade, or destroyed. I hear the roar beneath me
Of thunders or of rushing waters, but
I see nothing.

LUCIFER.

Now!

CAIN.

Oh God! or what thou art—
Save, save me, or I sink!

LUCIFER.

Fear not: all have
Their pre-appointed end—thine is not yet.

CAIN.

Look how the wild Waves sweep along the world!
As if, having strangled it, they were about

To break all bound, and rush into the airs!
What life and death and ruin are heaved along
The backs of their enormous mountains! Trees,
Rocks, are crushed together, and unknown
Monsters of the deep and earth roll weltering on
And find no shore. The din of crashing sounds
And hollow rush of waters drowns the roar
Of the thunder and bursting elements above them!
The sun is hid, but a pale and leaden circle,
The shadow of his crown, is seen at times
Through the hurrying airs! and a lurid light breaks through
The gloom, like the path of the Destroying Angel!
But where are the dwellers? or were there here who lived
Resembling us? and whither are they gone?

LUCIFER.

Destroyed: they were the least things, and so crushed
By the meeting elements, their very dust
Is annihilated. Look at yonder peak
Which once eyed half the world, and now the last
Uncovered, sinks lessening each instant.

CAIN.

I
Behold the foam fly over it like smoke,
But nothing further.

LUCIFER.

Look again.

CAIN.

Oh God!
A living thing, a human form stands there,
A solitary man! or hath he life
Like us? for he is fixed there as unmoved
As the rock behind him, and looks out upon
The wreck of the elements as if he were
Their lord, not sacrifice.

LUCIFER.

Even so he is.

CAIN *(not heeding him).*

He is *not* alone! Ah, stretched out at his feet
In naked beauty lies a form that moves not—
Alas! dead—for her hair spreads round his feet,
Her arms are stretched in stony lifelessness!
Ah, happier she than him! she hath escaped
The last wild partings, and left him the agonies
Of a desolated heart!

LUCIFER.

Yet is mind there
Superior: mark the unshaken firmness
Of his unbending form, that swells as with
The greatness of the spirit within—

CAIN.

His eye
Is raised towards the cloud which blackens o'er him
As if he dared and mocked its wrath, as if
His soul's love, source of all his hopes and joys
Crushed at his feet, nothing could move him further.

LUCIFER.

Behold the atom opposed to the mighty Whole—
How little in himself and nature, how
Sublime in his resistance and fixed will!
What a true majesty, a lonely greatness,
Doth dwell round him in his abandonment!
No crown is on his brow but that of virtue:
And yet what king hath ever looked like him?
His throne, earth's wreck, lord of himself and thoughts,
And fate and the elements his subjects! Why
The infinite holds nought so grand as he!
Spirits, as worlds, pursue their marked-out path,
Which they must make, and dare not swerve, but he,
Rising o'er self, the hardest enemy,
Doth form his own, and sinks a conqueror
Amid a sinking world! Emulate *him*,
That—*that* is to be happy; if thou feel'st
This truth, thou dost resemble him, if not,
Thou art nothing.

CAIN.

Lo! he hath snatched her from the earth,
His stricken love, and ere that watery mountain
Doth dash him on the crag—meets it half way—
They are plunged i' the boiling mass that rushes over them!
They are sunk together!

LUCIFER.

Constant to the last;
Did'st thou behold *him* quail or murmur at

His destiny? Heaven, Nature, and her Maker,
And the elements of destruction let loose on him,
What had he to oppose against them?—Death!

CAIN.

Spirit! thou hast revealed to me enough.
I could not endure to look on more: I have seen
What man may rise and sink to; the future
As the present have been shown, as life and death
May be, and the causes of these dark decrees.
My heart, my thoughts are full—give me now rest
To pause upon the wonders I have seen;
To collect my sense, bewildered as by a dream,
Into calm knowledge, and make me feel I am
Greater than I was.

LUCIFER.

Thou art nearing now
The world of rest, where all thou hast ever dreamed
Of quiet and of peace are realized.
Behold it in the distance.

CAIN.

How unlike
The worlds we have seen! The blue fades, nearing it,
Into a purple which flows from that bright Orb
That watcheth over it like the spirit of love.
A star or two are twinkling through the airs
As dewdrops on the rose: it cleaves not through
The space in thunder as the rest, but with
A motion which is silent melody:

I hear no sound of winds or waters, or
Hills that emit forth fire, or human wail.
'Tis like a world in sleep, just formed, or quenched.

LUCIFER.

It hath scarce opened its new being, as doth
The flower its first leaves to the sun which made
And warms them: for worlds, as flowers, have in their birth
An origin alike.

CAIN.

Is it inhabited?

LUCIFER.

Wouldst have a desert?

CAIN.

But by man and woman,
As we?

LUCIFER.

Whether inferior ye shall judge.

SCENE VII.

The Paradise of Heilel.

CAIN.

How beautiful and still! All round me glows
With light not dazzling, but serene and softened:
Like, yet how unlike! tints earth's twilight leaves,
Or infant Morning when her earliest breath
Glows purpling on the hills; and so intense,
Each object lives upon the vision, and hues
Such as I never saw, make beautiful
The mind by looking on them, as are the angels,
(So my father saith,) by looking on their God.
The trees in their most strange shapes waving sigh
A dreamy melody, and the bright flowers,
Or are they such? breathe fragrance, and the fall
Of distant waters lulls me to repose!
A Paradise, to which the patriarch's was
As cold and barren as our earth.

LUCIFER.

And so
Would this seem, could thy ever plastic being
Endure to look on others.

CAIN.

What is she
Who standeth by the brink of that blue stream?
A creature of breathing life, or some fine essence
Of the Airs?

LUCIFER.

She is the daughter of this world,
Fairest where all is fair, the least of whom
As much exceeds thy earth's as she does them.

CAIN.

She stands alone in her purity, like that star
Which she doth gaze on, as if her spirit drank
Feeling from its rich urn! A very light,
Veil-like, is floating round her, haloing
From the common airs: she looks as one to whom
All knees should bow, and yet as light and graceful
As the fleece cloud in heaven. Her eyes are raised
To that deep sky, mysterious as herself,
Watching that shrine, as if she listened for
An answer, or hoped one from it to descend
Bright as herself, or had dreamed of such, which waking
She dared not hope. And is it so? is she too
Not happy, she the all beautiful? but like
Myself, has she outstripped her limited path,
Alone in her sad thoughts? God! where is happiness?

LUCIFER.

I have essayed to find it, as all life;
Thou mayst succeed—

CAIN.

Yet surely that bright star is
Its chosen abode; look how it sparkles there!

LUCIFER.

It is a perishable mass of gross
Matter, for ever changing: the abandoned
Creation of will or chance, inhabited
By beings with natures as discordant as
Their elements, till they relapse to them again.
It is thine earth; yet, lured on by my visions,
That credulous creature dreams it the abode
Of beings pure as herself; of one, whose form
Is stamped in her heart, even thine, its frailest compound.

CAIN (*unheeding*).

Her lips are parted, and move like rose leaves opening
To the invisible airs. Her hair how lightly
Doth its pale golden wreaths in tangled
Luxuriance cluster down that neck; and rest
On her white bosom, where the violet vein
Sheds a dim lustre! down even to her knee,
Veiling yet hiding not the rounded shape
Of those limbs swelling with voluptuous fullness,
And glowing through them as the softened Moon
Through the depths of shadowing leaves! Where
Beauty dwells
Revealed at once as on her visible throne,
Which the eye dims with gazing on, and heart
Owns in its faint idolatry! Oh, she doth

Give pain from the excess of rapture; a creature born
To be worshipped, a thing in whose bright presence
Life were immortal, death and pain forgot
In the deep heaven of her absorbing love!

LUCIFER.

Thou speakest like thy nature, which in change
Is only happy: she is new to thee,
And brighter far than thou hast seen—

CAIN.

Or can see.

LUCIFER.

So was thy Ada until now.

CAIN.

Nay, if
I can forget, wilt *thou* not?—whom doth she
Turn to, for her very form doth ask protection?
Doth an angel visit her for joys he knows not
In heaven, or doth she walk this Paradise
In commune only with her God?

LUCIFER.

Her thoughts
Share lower objects; but her own words will
Reveal them to thee best.

CAIN.

Hark!—she doth sing;—
How wild and sweet the sounds; but the words are
Unknown, like the melody of the bird I used
To listen to when day was done: but these

Are tones to which they, nay, even Ada's voice
Was harshness.

LUCIFER.

The faculty be thine to know
And speak them as thine own tongue:—Listen.

SONG OF HEILEL.

I.

Angel of Light! for ever brightly burning,
Lonely and pure like God himself apart;
Doth thy soft eye now see me to thee turning,
Dost thou hear now the sighings of my heart?

II.

Yet no,—it is not thee I would invoke,
Thou art the blessed shrine; but where is he,
The Spirit who dwelleth in thee, and hath woke
Memories and joys that will not sleep in me?

III.

Thou lookest in my sleep—I see thee still.
And then thy bright veils open, and descending,
One near me stands whose lightest accents thrill
Through my full heart, with all my being blending;

IV.

And then departs; and leaves me motionless,
Struggling to speak, while slowly on the air
His path of light fades from me less and less;
And then I wake and see thee watching there!

V.

Lo, I kneel down to thee, bright star! imploring
Thee, or thy God whom I have seen, to come;
To shed one look, one smile, on me adoring,
Then turn to thee his brighter, happier home.

LUCIFER.

Lo, I depart—and leave ye to your destiny.
Appear!

HEILEL.

He is come—is come! my Spirit
My idol lord! And do I look on thee?
And dost thou live? Oh! I have seen thee thus
How often in my dreams, and felt drawn towards thee
With love, yet fear, and knelt down to thee
As to a god imploring thee to stay,
To look on me while I poured forth my heart:
But thou, receding still from my first glimpse,
Didst becken me to follow where I could not.
And I heard, or thought I heard, thy voice; the sounds
Thrilled through me a mingled pain and joy; the words

I knew not, yet I felt their meaning was
Emanating from thine eyes. What art thou who
Hast power to draw me towards thee thus from all
So once loved? If a god, let me kneel and pray;
But if like me, and I am not too lowly,
Oh, let me love thee! but speak, if only once,
One sound upon my waking ear, for thou
Art silent and motionless as in my vision.

CAIN.

Creature of light and loveliness—

HEILEL.

He speaks—
The echoes of my heart! the words known only
To myself, the first sounds answering it
In its long, long solitude.

CAIN.

And dost thou kneel
In thy bright purity to me, and shrink
Timidly back in fear and awe, from one
So all inferior? nay, look again—
Look on me with those eyes which are my life,
My life's life!—let me hear that voice, upon
The tones of which doth tremble my existence.

HEILEL.

I knew it, oh, I knew I should be happy!
I felt it would be so; thou art come as one
Expected long. I see thee now, and yet
It seems as if I had seen thee ever, so little

Could I now exist apart: we were made to meet,
And be happy in sharing each other's happiness:
Look round thee, are not all so in each other?
Could they be so apart made by that Love
Which is their life? whose spirit kindling in
Their inmost being, draws them to each other,
To share their joys which else were pain: for love,
Like its Source, exists not only in itself,
But is diffused like the blessed Light, to all.
I was even thus; my heart was its own fountain,
That flowed o'er all around it, till a new
Feeling was opened in the vision I had of thee.
How hath it changed me! Since that hour, content
And quiet are gone; my heart thrilled with a sense
Of pain, yet joy, till then unknown; my eyes
Seemed opened which were shut, and all things robed
In lovelier hues; it was the happiness
Of my own bosom spreading itself o'er all
The visible things on which it could repose.
But an after languor came—a shadow stole
Over me, sweet but sad, unfelt till then;
Vague wishes, which were aimless yet delightful:
Hopes dimly promising some coming joy,
Startling, as half believed! yet sighs and fears
When they were fled; a tumult of flushed feelings,
Ending in vacancy, not rest. By day
I sate on the stream's bank, and idly plucked

The flowers, and watched them floating down the water,
As vague and baseless as my thoughts, like them,
Without a resting place. And now I see thee
But as a form that startles my waking eye,
To elude and mock its fantasy as ever.

CAIN.

It is my blessedness doth seem unreal:
Thine ever is in thyself, and all like thee,
Who living in God's presence, art his image,
If ever create form resembled him.

HEILEL.

Did he not make thee?

CAIN.

Hath he not made all?

HEILEL.

Ay, but revealed himself to thee?

CAIN.

In his works
We see and own the Power and Presence, as here,
And most so in thyself.

HEILEL.

But art thou not
Like me? art thou descended from that star,
The immortal home of beings like thyself?
And why so late here, knowing how I sought thee?
Art thou of loftier essence? yet methinks
Thou art less bright than I, there seems on thy brow
A settled shadow, such as the tree casts
In twilight; and thy voice, though lovely, comes

On my ear as the air sighing through its leaves
Waving in the dim starlight! Yet it draws me
More, oh, far more to thee than if more glorious;
As if in my heart was something more akin
To sorrow than joy; an echo answering it,
A feeling that thrills through my being till
It becomes pain, yet more intense than joy.
But *can* aught be unhappy? What is life
But the o'erflowing of beatitude,
Of the Love, who created all to share it like
Himself; to see, to feel all happy, and
Multiply being by participation?
Is He not too *thy* Maker? ever present
To hear each breath—can he made aught unlike
Himself? without him, what were life?

CAIN.

What it is
In yonder star, my birth-place—what it would be
Here, were that love withdrawn.

HEILEL.

How can that cease
Which is, as hath ever been.

CAIN.

How? wert thou ever
As now? Remember'st thou no other being?

HEILEL.

I am as all around me, now, as ever.

CAIN.

Do they not change and cease to be at last?

HEILEL.

Not be? Oh God! can aught which *is*, not be?
Would He who gave life quench it, mocking us
Of the gift we deemed our own? Oh, no! like those
Bright lights which shine above like scattered flowers,
Or laughing eyes, looking down and smiling on us,
Which change their place, and form, and then return,
So do things here; so draw me towards them by
Their beauty, and then they fade, and their shapes change,
Till renewed bright as ever. Once I mourned them,
For I had linked my being with them, and felt
Forsaken when I saw them leaving me;
But now I mourn not, knowing them the same,
Though taking many forms. I too have had
Dim dreams or memories of a higher being
Past, or to come, or is it not come *now*?
Or dost thou change too, like all else around me?

CAIN.

Why should I now, in the very presence of all
My soul hath sought and despaired of, trifle with
My happiness found, and raise a doubt between us?
She is nearer God than I, his rays are on her
Direct, and fill her with the purity
Of seraphs of intensest vision. Her being
Is a finer emanation of his clear spirit;
The inner light that comes from her dark eye

Is the shrine of its visible revealment;
Should I then envy her, and seek to make her
Like me? That were as vain as is my hope
To resemble her, for what is't makes her thus?
Love, holiest love, absorbing all her soul.
Who breathed it in her? He who *is* love, and
In loving him, she hath the height of knowledge;
And is herself best proof of his existence
As is the ray of the life-giving sun,
From and towards which it still doth tend. Why I
Was once thus, as my parents were in their
Lost paradise; ay—but we were of a lower
Order, formed of as surrounded by
Elements gross and earthly: what marvel we
Are not like her, and doubt what we cannot feel?
Methinks the Angel hath erred in bringing me—

HEILEL.

Thou murmurest to the air, but answerest not,
And the shadow methinks grows deeper on thy brow:
I pray thee, let me share thy thoughts, for I
Would know what sorrow is.

CAIN.

Love, I but mused
To think how different God hath framed his creatures:
To some he giveth happiness, as a thing
Inherent in their beings as his own;
To others its desire, that urges them

To gain it by effort, and in the search, which is
Activity, is happiness; at least
Forgetfulness of heavier ills, to which
Their inferior state is subject. Of this last
Is our earth, so are we inferior to thee;
Oh how couldst thou look on me love, and doubt it!
Am I like thee? thy heart will tell thee so
In its most innocent love, and so would mine,
But it would know itself deceived as ever.
We are not so blest; His image is not stamped
In us as you, the mirrors of himself,
Without a shadow between; but caught by effort,
And lost again when slackened. We would, by
Purifying our grosser elements with thought,
And will, and feeling's centered energies,
Know him,—and in this we are ever foiled.

HEILEL.

What marvel? How can aught which is created
Know its Creator? It were to be his equal:
And what end hath such knowledge?

CAIN.

Angel-Spirit!
Thou *hast* the height, the fruit of knowledge in loving,
Which *is* knowing him: 'tis his immediate breath
Inspiring and making thee all what thou art,
So pure and high and beautiful: a part,
A living emanation of his Spirit,

To be absorbed in it again. We too
Would gain what we have lost, we would revive
Such feelings, for we had them, though more faint
From our inferior natures; fainter till
Lost by our errings; so that nought is left us
But memories and perceptions of the high,
And beautiful, which still recall him, though
Our earthlier natures cloud them.
Oh, that I
Were like thee, that in worshipping thee as
My soul doth, thou couldst make it pure, the mirror
Of thy unruffled reflection! filling me
With the heaven thou dost embody in thy bosom.

HEILEL.

And wilt thou dwell here till thou art so? What
A change is come to thee, fond Heilel! Yet
Too startling—*wilt* thou share her world, and thoughts,
And wishes, and enjoyments? And kneel to Him
With her? for then indeed we shall be one:
And he will make thee like myself, but of
Far higher essence; and I shall look to thee
As thou dost now to me, sole fountain of
My life and happiness. Oh, how couldst thou
Ever be otherwise? what could quench or darken
Visions of Him once given ye? Not himself;
For the wish to *know* him, though vain, could not bring
sorrow;

And not from ye, for who made by his hand
Can cease loving him, who made them but in love?

CAIN.

Nay—ask not, dwell not, think not of the past.
Let it be like a dream forgot and ended
In waking certainty. We erred, and were
Forgiven, how else could I come hither, or
Be seen by thee, forbidden by the Highest?
O let us live but in our love—let all
Thought of the future or past, yea life itself,
Be absorbed and lost in the deep consciousness
Of waking happiness kindling in our heart
Of hearts, where love burns an eternal lamp,
Lit by the fire of his own worshippers!
We are alone in the world of our own thoughts:
Beyond us all is vacancy; we are
All in all to each other, two spirits linked
By one absorbing soul! Look on me as
One made for thee, a wanderer borne through
Infinity to blend his life with thine;
One who stood restlessly, upon the brink
Of his dark earth, which was not made for him,
Yearning towards this: shaping thee forth, as thou
Didst him; until the Power, who saw us,
Pitied, and through the intervening space
United us in one. Make me then like thee,
As holy and innocent! I will kneel to thee,

As to a spirit from whose pure shrine each impulse
Of my life is borrowed.

HEILEL.

Dost thou so love me!
And wilt thou dwell here unchanged? Happy Heilel!
Thou art all now thou wouldst be, thy hope's dream
Is realized, thy heart is full; thou hast reached
Joy's summit, till the very height doth startle thee
With fear, as if it could not—

CAIN (*kneeling*).

Lo! I twine
Thy gentle hand in mine! and do look up
With a free eye and open heart, all purified
By thy love and my own, and in the solitude
Of this as yet unpeopled world, clipt round
With others innumerable, and in presence of
The Almighty Power who made them, us, and all;
Whose Self is everywhere, whose breath is the
Infinite Life in which all move and live;
Whose Eye—unseen by me—looks on me now
And knows my every purpose—I do swear
By Him, and those bright stars to which I feel
Allied, though of lower essence, that my love
Shall be as everlasting, and survive,
Though this form perish, for it is immortal,
And cannot be quenched! He who hath joined may
separate,

But the life, the spark, the principle within,
That thinks, wills, hopes, loves, and now draws me to thee,
Cannot be unmade or annihilate;
But *must* be—living ever.
Ay—ye may smile
In your eternity, ye glorious beings!
Conscious, it may be, that others have so knelt,
And pledged ye vows as burning and as vain
As the breath that made them; but they have never been
Intense as mine; they *cannot*—none have lived
Like me, as none shall die. Dost thou lean on me,
Confiding, ay, rest there—while I gaze in
The deeper heaven of those starry eyes,
And see my blessedness mirrored in their depths
Of soul.

HEILEL.

Thou shalt come now to that loved spot
Where first these eyes were opened, and each element,
And height, and depth, and the course of each fair star,
And stream and vale and fountain shall be shown thee,
And their intelligencies—But thou dost
Look weary.

CAIN.

Nay, my gentlest spirit!
Thy Paradise is strange and new, and the fragrance
Of flowers, and the lustre of its skies,

And the hues shed over all things, dazzle a sense
As yet unproved; all is unlike what I
Have ever seen, and my own changed state of being
Hath most wrought on me. Rest thou, love, on me,
While thus we wander through thy Paradise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Earth. The Patriarch's Tent.—ADAM, EVE, ZILLAH. *Time, Sunset.*

ADAM.

Another day is done, and the toils given us
Are ended; by the sweat of our brow have we
Earned daily bread, ordained, and are content.
And now we turn to Thee, the Giver of day
And night, and life, which we had forfeited
By sin, yet not withheld, but rather given
As a mild punishment, a testimony
To see thy will performed, and our errings visited
Upon ourselves and children; until at last,
By suffering purified and chastened, and
Forgiven, we enter Paradise once more.
O God Almighty! merciful thou art,
As just: here let our heavier trials end.
Our sons are lost, our daughter is taken from us,
The staff of our declining years; we have
More ills than we can bear; but if new wait us,
Strengthen us, or we sink: let not our enemy
Prevail again; bind us in love to each other,

For in the many is strength: but let our faith
In Thee, be stronger than our love!

EVE.

Father and Lord! to whom may the oppressed
And wounded turn to, but to thee? Thou only
Knowest our aches and our repentance! and
Wilt hear our prayers, and give us strength and patience
To endure what we have merited. Thou *hast*
Heard me, I know it by my heart, which is
Subdued and chastened, and bows to thy decrees
In meekness and in silence; life and mercy
To me thou hast vouchsafed, who disobeyed
So wantonly thy high commandments.
Father and Helper! wilt thou not then strengthen
Her who is my own, who hath inherited
My woes but not my guilt,—for *she* is pure
As are thy angels, yet meek and lowly as
Ourselves,—my Ada! who even now is tracking
The steps of her brother's murderer through the desert.
Oh, give her strength and faith! lead her to us
Again, that we may bless her ere we die.

ZILLAH.

And, God of Mercy! is it sin—my heart
Falters as I dare ask—is it sin to pray
For the guilty? Oh no! for he was once as pure
As we. Is not his burden heavy, and shall it be
Heavier with our curses? then how may we,
So full of sin, look up, and dare to hope

Forgiveness, wanting that sweet attribute
Ourselves, and for our kindred and our brother!
Open his eyes, oh Father! make him see
The greatness of his crime, and feel remorse,
But not despair! and when his punishment,
Is done, and his heart is purified, then let him,
Owning his fault, be pardoned in his death!

EVE.

Dost thou plead so for my son's murderer?

ADAM.

Didst thou not, Eve! erewhile entreat for mercy?
And wilt thou rise denying it to——Hark!
A light step approacheth—it is like—

EVE.

Enoch's. It is—'tis he!

[*The door of the tent is opened, and* ENOCH *staggers in exhausted, and sinks down.*

ENOCH.

My mother is—

ADAM (*rushing out*).

She is near!

EVE.

My boy!—see how his lips are parched;
His brow is burning—

ADAM (*re-enters, bearing* ADA *in his arms.*)

Eve—behold thy daughter!

EVE.

Oh God! she is dying—help—support her—my Ada!

ADA (*faintly.*)

Nay, father! it is in vain—my days are done:
Few were they, fewer still of happiness.
I feel that I am dying!—this pain—my heart——

EVE.

God! wilt thou suffer this?

ADAM.

Hush, hush, my Eve!

ADA. (*Her utterance is slow and feeble.*)

He is gone—and it is you who drove him forth
To greater sin, when he had else repented.
Oh! if he come again, accept him, as
You hope to be accepted, for Ada's sake,
Who asked it with her dying breath: remember
How *she* loved him who slew her brother! tell him
I sleep by Abel; perchance, when all is over,
He may wish—to rest there too!——I am quiet.

[ADA *dies.*

EVE (*distractedly.*)

Another to death!—only the innocent taken!
Only those struck who ought to live, while we,
Who brought death in the world and sin, are cursed
With life to watch the ruin we have made!
Why do I live? What *is* life but enduring
Agonies, seeing daily things more terrible
Than death, for that is sleep. Oh! would to God
I were like thee, my child, in peace—in peace!
Resigned and quiet in that stony sleep!

But childless I shall die, and go to the grave
In my gray hairs alone!

ADAM.

Woman, have faith
In God: dost thou not read his will in this?
They are taken because innocent, too pure
To dwell here with the guilty, therefore gathered
To his bosom. We are punished, and not they:
Their trials are done as thine and mine shall be.
Only believe thou in the Lord! Oh, hadst thou,
This had not been; thy rash hand had not plucked
The tree whose fruits are these. My Eve! be patient:
Erewhile thou wert thankful for the strength he gave thee,
Use it, or pray for more; but know thou this—
Whatever he hath done is right. Take her to
The inner tent, there let us weep together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

The Paradise of Heilel.

A wild and solitary spot enclosed by mountains.

CAIN (*discovered leaning against a rock.*)

Alone at last—alone—and God! for what?
To wreak my burden to the airs? to howl
To yon deaf heaven my despair? to throw
Myself on the ground and curse the day of my birth,
And this weak nature which I cannot change!—
And who will hear? who sympathise with the wretch
Who groans in the very lap of happiness?
And why? because his nature is unequal:
Fooled to the attempt by a lying impulse, which
Hath fled and mocked me. The very latest hope
I clung to hath failed, and I know now what I am,
My own soul's grave—and in that all is known.
Wretched Cain! love was the lure held to thee
To quench this fever of the heart; thou hast drank
The cup and found but weariness: and she

Who gave it, and the beautiful around her,
Eternal in themselves, are changed and colourless,
And yet I know the change is in myself,
In my quenched energies, in each quick feeling
Sunk into apathy, as in a grave,
Deep buried by Despair! What marvel? They
(Which vainly I deemed immortal in themselves,)
Depended on the body, as he said,
And wanting its support, are quenched like fire.

Am I the same as once? Why, I was happy
As Heilel, ay and as loved—who hath so
Changed, to make me be what I abhor?
Myself? If so, why can I not unchange—
Feeling how unlike I am to what I was?
The power—the mind that raised me to a god
Is gone; of the impulses that burned so once
I do not feel the embers, they are long
Since dead! I would have rekindled them,
But the attempt was mockery, the spirit
Of their life was quenched, fled from me as the odour
Leaves the decaying flower! My path hath made
A desolation, all who looked on me
Are repelled: my Ada strove to love me,
I fled her—Abel fell—and here in Paradise—
[*Starting wildly to his feet.*
It is the curse, not I! I was foredoomed

To be all that I am! I will struggle yet—
Rally the last sparks of expiring nature
And—

[HEILEL, *who, during this soliloquy had been approaching from behind, now stands before him.*

Heilel! *thou* here—these are not haunts for thee:
Why hast thou sought them? Thou, who should breathe only
Among things lovely as thyself; thy step
On flowers as light and springing, born to wreathe
Thy brow with fragrance sweet as is thy breath.

HEILEL.

So was it when thou found'st her: Heilel stood
The centre round whom all were glad, who drew
From her existence the joy they gave; the light
All looked on: she grew up among her flowers,
Gay as herself; the stars laughed on and blessed her,
And heaven shed on her all its blessedness.
The charm is broken, those hours are fled like dreams,
She has forgotten them as she is forgot!

CAIN.

My Heilel! wherefore wilt thou—

HEILEL.

And the rock,
The loneliness of wood, dark solitude,
Are now as dear to her as thee; they mock not
With show of gladness, but remind her rather

Of joys departed: for they seem deserted
By the hues they once had, and so draw me to them
By their very desolation! I know now
What sorrow is: oh God! how hath it changed me;
I struggle against it, but in vain—in vain!
I would have chased it from thee, made thee like me;
But I know not—my efforts still waxed fainter,
As insensibly thy voice thrilled through my heart
Its deep tone, not of joy. I strove to forget it,
And left thee at times, and wandered restlessly,
As if to escape myself: but who can flee
From memory? The words once uttered of doubt,
And of some darker evil, sunk in my heart.
And then thine eyes when looking into mine,
Shed not the joyousness of love, but rather
A light as of a star quenched, that saddened
My own, though drawn to them: thy whole being hath
Blended itself with mine, until I am
Become the thing I sorrowed for.

CAIN.

My Heilel!
Nay turn not thus away—hear me but once:
Hast thou e'er seen me turn from those dark eyes
When meeting mine? Do I not love thee more,
Oh far more, than myself? Thou art the only,
The latest thing I cling to; there is nought
On the wide earth or air that God hath made,
So lonely, so utterly desolate as I

If without thee, my only tie of life,
My hope's last boundary with nothing beyond it!
How art thou changed, my Heilel, from what thou wert,
And in how little space—oh! never didst
Thou love me, or how so soon forget all?

HEILEL.

Yes;
I loved you but as a superior being.
You came to me in vision and in mystery,
I felt drawn to you by unresisting impulse;
It was my love deceived and drew myself.
There was in me a vain wish to be loved;
To create such in you. I thought that being
Could love, and lead me nearer towards Him,
Who had kindled in me such high aspirations.
Alas! I know now they were in myself;
I felt I erred, unknowing how; my prayers
To Him rose more intense and frequent, but
I wandered still from them and stopped abrupt:
It was unhallowed, and lo, how it hath ended!

CAIN.

Hear me but once, and I will tell thee all,
All yet untold, our life, birth, fall, and my—

HEILEL.

Nay, cease—there is a feeling rooted here
Deeper than words can reach. I knew that memories
And thoughts were in thee, which thou hast not told;
And how can love when aught is hidden from it

Exist? whose inmost self and soul should be
Familiar to its loved one as its God.
Thou never didst love aught, or if aught turned to thee
As I, they like myself were wretched: thou
Hast outlived hope, or hast never proved it;
It was a spark quenched in thy earliest being.
A weariness of life and all life's things,
Is marked upon thy brow in lines too deep
To be concealed, the very light at times
That breaks there seems a mockery of joy.
Therefore thou hast no God! Nay, if thou *hadst*,
Thou couldst not be the lonely thing thou art.
His ray, dim as thou said'st it was, is quenched:
And whence can happiness come but from Him who
Is its sole fountain? Thou hast left a world
Where thou wert wretched—made so by thyself—
'Tis written on thy brow, and I have traced it
Through thy words though veiled. I know all there were not so,
For how could God create misery? why thou cam'st here
I know not; but most sure by his high will,
Who else had forbade: perchance it was to show thee
How blest *they* are who love him; perchance to teach me
That I was happier in myself, and in
The bright intelligencies round me, than
Sharing it as my vain hopes fantasied.
Both have been taught, let both then be submiss.

I own it, lo, I thank thee, Maker! Thou
Hast opened my eyes: I have suffered and shall still;
And yet feel more for thee, for oh! I love thee,
Yea, even more methinks from very pity
In seeing what thou art! I would have changed thee—
Vain that I was—I will now pray for thee
While this heart breathes; but yet, oh! yet, pray for
Thyself.

CAIN.

And if it be so, wilt thou leave me?
Wilt thou not rather guide me to Him, and watch
Above me, like yon star, my guide, and raise me
From the abyss in which I am now sunk, and mingle
Thy glories with mine? Wilt thou not hear how—

HEILEL.

Oh no!—I fear thee—in listening thou wouldst darken
My faith with doubt, too much thou hast already.
Methinks my higher hope is palled since I
Have known thee, or not firm as once: and a voice
Within me bids us part—God! I obey thee;
With an aching heart, whose sacrifice thou wilt make
Its atonement. Cain! my love still dwells with thee:
Thy form will be with me as a fallen spirit's,
Whose sorrows I would share, not guilt: my higher
Love dwells with God, through whom I live and am
Nearing Him still; and oh, let such be thine!
Enlighten the eyes of thy lost spirit from
The pride and darkness that hang over them,

And blind thee. *Then* we may be happy still.
Follow me not—I walk with God—farewell!

[HEILEL *departs.*

CAIN.

She is gone, and hath abandoned me, as all.
So was it ever—'tis marked upon my brow—
Nothing may love me! And yet her parting words
Sink in me, as if their truth was never felt
Till now; it is their *ertainty* which still
I had evaded from pride, and that hope whose
Shadow we cling to, to the last. Lost Cain!
Self-exiled from one world, outcast from both,
Thou stand'st alone, by man, by love, by God,
By hope itself abandoned! Why thou——nay,
No idle wrath—the seal is set on thee—
Couldst thou oppose it? O fool! to strive—to think
Thy prayers could move the Omnipotent, that breath
Of dust could change his prescient decrees!
Yet from despair will I pluck courage, if
That is despair when, stript of outward aid,
The mind concentered stands on its own strength:
The root whence spring our most unshaken efforts;
Which, leaf and blossom gone, stands proudly in
Resistance, and may be crushed—not bent!
Remember him i' the deluge!—he opposed
Himself to his great evils—so will I.

LUCIFER *appears.*

Thou *art* his equal now! for thou, like him,

Hast prov'd the extremes of good and evil, and known
That happiness is an unstable illusion,
That hath no basis on the sense it mocked,
Or in any perishable outward form:
But is the knowledge of the inner mind,
Acquired, which looking beyond the past and present,
Rises above life's petty ills unmoved,
And to the last asserts its freedom, and mocks
In its despair the chains that subjugate it
To the death which awaits all. This is to make
Man *be* immortal by his own powers, meriting
The conquest wreath he hath so greatly won!

CAIN.

Ay, life indeed is known, and knowledge; I
Feel it hath made me apart from clay already:
All its familiar impulses of hope,
And love, and joy, are now outlived: within
Is a blank—a waste—a sullen passionless void.
Yet one ray lingers there, one human feeling
Clings to me still, weak though it seem to thee.
I would once more behold my Ada, and kneel
And ask forgiveness for the many aches
I have inflicted on her!—that done, mould me
To what thou wilt.

LUCIFER.

Thy Ada as she was
On earth thou canst behold no more.

CAIN.

And wherefore?

LUCIFER.

Thou soon shalt know: but onward.

CAIN.

Whither goest thou?

LUCIFER.

To the dominion of the powers of Air.

CAIN.

Even where thou wilt: fear is to me a word
As vain as hope.

LUCIFER.

Such the fruits of knowledge.

CAIN.

But have ye a throne, a fixed place where ye meet?

LUCIFER.

Our reign is everywhere throughout all space,
And the infinity, wherever life is.
But as in heaven the lesser powers verge
To where they dream the Central, dwells their maker,
So here do ours gather round my throne.

CAIN.

Clouds roll apart, and—

LUCIFER.

Enter: thou as I
Shall be invisible, but thy vision strengthened,
Else blasted by what thou wilt now look upon.

[*They disappear through the clouds.*

SCENE X.

Pandemonium.

CAIN.

Most glorious Vision! is not this heaven indeed?
Or can it be inferior? I see,
Far as the eye can reach, long ranges of
Thrones stretching on in infinite array;
Rising o'er each like the ridges of bright clouds,
And covered o'er with forms and shapes immortal,
Thick as the stars; and lessening towards a point
In the immensity of distance, where
A throne of fire is swelling midway up,
Like the half-orbed sun when based upon the world,
Rayless, and red, and burning! thereon is
A seat and regal ensigns, and seraphs guarding,
Flashing intensest lightnings. The Abyss
Vaulting above, ribbed with the fiery glow
Of the glories beneath, is living with a host
Of innumerable lights that star the darkness!
Wheeling in mystic circles through each other,
Or cleaving on in thunder; towards which

Myriads of spirits, like scattered wreaths of smoke,
Are soaring or descending.

[LUCIFER *ascends his throne, and makes himself visible.*

LUCIFER.

Gods! and godlike
Ardours, celestial Potentates and Thrones!
The pillars on whose foundations rests my own;
Ye Wings that bore me up to highest heaven!
And in the abyss supported me when sunk,
As faithfully, though vainly, as ye did
In fields of light! despairing not in either.
Lo! what your virtue hath achieved: I come
And prove by deeds my right to the supremacy
Ye awarded me. I bring back victory:
Ye read it on my brow; your acclamations
Hailed me when seen as conqueror; ye knew
I had not claimed this throne if forfeited,
By quailing to the Adversary! Yea, all
Is done, earth ours: through the abyss
Up to the heaven of heavens I forced my way,
And singly dared the Watchers as to a field
Of strife, for man. Then downward to the earth
I went, and found the new created, saw
The last best image of his maker, as
They say who have seen him; made too like the rest,
A contradiction: the thirst of knowledge as blindly
Given, as its taste forbade. I quickened it,
And the scales fell from their eyes, they saw and felt

Their happiness based on faith and ignorance;
The Paradise of good and beauty a prison,
And no escape, save death. They yielded, ours
Without an effort; one hath fled from it,
And joined us, as others shall, he but the first
Of countless generations who shall follow.

MOLOCH.

Why, Peers! do we sit longer? is't to spend
Our strength in acclamations? Hear ye not
The deeds of our great Leader? is not this
Proof of supremacy to raise hope in
The most desponding? We have vanquished as
In an open battle field, and made those most
Pure and most cherished of God's works rebellious
As ourselves; thwarting the end for which they were made,
To kneel and worship him only. For which crime
Were he not impotent, be sure, ere now,
All that roused wrath could do and vengeance, had
Crushed them and us alike. We have vanquished him
In them; his power is past if he had such;
For how know we if we fell by him or a Fate
Controling both? If so we have arisen
In the scale, the balance has been weighed, and they
Found wanting, kicked the beam. What then remains
But to ascend where they are kneeling to
Their king, and make them kneel to ours! who
Opposed united Heaven, and prevailed.

Up, slumbering Energies! awake and gain
The supremacy which waits ye from those who
Know that the retribution is at hand.

BEELZEBUB.

Such counsel, though bold, is good; and might
Fail or succeed, the event is hidden; but
Suppose we failed, and the prelude was disastrous,
Who knows if our scale fell, to what change we
Might sink? or say we conquered force to force,
And chained down the omnipotent Lord of Heaven
To our will, and made his angels ministers;
Were it not higher triumph to conquer rather
By Mind? to make him feel his impotence
By thwarting each new design, and changing or
Stifling in germ each growth of new creation,
Image of him transmuted into ours?
Until each attribute of the God usurped,
Power mocked, design, and ruling influence baffled,
He owned and sunk beneath superior mind
Without an effort? This indeed were worthier
Ourselves and Leader; far more than by prevailing
With grosser arm of power, which were half triumph,
Leaving, though conquerors, His unfettered Will
As fixed in its resistance as our own.

MAMMON.

Let not my rising, Deities! withhold
The acclamatory thunder which hath answered
The mighty Potentate. I do but echo

His words; who may gainsay them? or deny
How art ennobles conquest beyond force;
To rise up slowly without audible effort,
Certain as unforeseen, till it breaks forth
From Power's meridian, silent and supreme!
What triumph ours to change them utterly;
To stamp these things of clay our own, and make
Ourselves their gods by conquest; teaching them
To shape our images from forth their earth,
And kneel, until apostates even to us,
They worship in their sottish adoration
The dazzling mould of their own hands, the dross
Of earth's dark womb; a worship that shall outlive
All gods, without a single hypocrite.
For which they shall slay whole nations, and make earth
A desert, and forget all human ties,
And the weaker ones beyond; thus proving their
Affinity to him who is their Image.
Till, become abject as brute crime can make them,
The measure of their iniquities full, his name
Forgot or scorned, he sweep them from the earth,
In very shame for having made them who
Bore testimony against his prescience; thus
Owning his impotence and repentance, and
So yielding star by star, until at last
Empire, and space, and life become our own!

LUCIFER.

Synod of Gods! ye have judged well: here pause

Awhile. Behold one standeth present here,
Of earth, but of a higher stamp; he sought
Knowledge, and found it from ourselves, and shall be
Received among us, he the first as last.
Each trial hath been given him to find
Happiness, such as his weak powers allowed.
They failed, but his spirit bears him still beyond
His faculties: what marvel? having a breath
And portion of our own. One frail tie yet
Unites him to his earth—'tis broken—but
The shadow of reality shall be given him
Which else could not have been.—Thou wouldst look on
The image of thy Ada—behold her!

[*The form of* ADA *appears.*

CAIN.

Ada! Oh God! it is *not* her—and yet
The shape is hers, though so thin, and wan, and shadowy!
And those lips, so pale and colourless—why they
Breathe not—and move not—and her eyes, once warm
And full of life, and love, and tenderness,
Are fixed and glazed, and stare upon me with
A most strange and fearful meaning. Oh, my Ada!
Is—*is* it thou? No, no! for how couldst thou
Come here—*thou*, chosen of God; and yet thou mightst
Be sent as a latest warning—late indeed!
If it be so, wilt thou not speak to me?
Look on me!—for thou dost not see me now

Through the vision of that fixed and lighted stare!
Do not disown me, though my God hath! All
Have abandoned me save thou; and exiled,
Cursed, and forgotten me; but I have dreamed—
I know not why—thou faithful to me still!
Oh, how art *thou* now changed, my Ada! from
What thou once wert, thou who wert *so* fond,
Thy very love did grow upon repulsion!
Lo, I kneel to, for I dare not approach thee.
By our earth-vows, now broken, our child, thy God,
By each fond hope, each feeling nearest to thee,
If aught were, answer me! or if thou wilt not
Look on me, shed from those eyes one spark of life
To tell me that thou livest. [*Starting up.*
It is *not* Ada!
Not life, but a most vain and senseless delusion—
The mockery of hell, or my despair!
Fool, fool! *she* could not stand thus moveless—she—
Yet, if thou *art*—I will clasp thee to this breast,
Though it be scathed as we meet! Oh, God! she is dead.
[*He attempts to embrace her, and falls senseless.*

LUCIFER.

Poor wretch! And such are human yearnings when
Too late; they know not, lulled into a false
Security of life, which hope indulges,
How hearts can be entwined; till the wrench comes
That leaves them desolate to break alone!

Their life is one perpetual sleep, filled with
Illusions fleeting as unreal, from which
Death only, its change, awakes them, to relapse
Again in other life, yet still the same.
Azaziel! bear him to the spot he would;
There let the circle of his life be closed.

SCENE XI.

The Earth. The Patriarch's Tent in the distance; in the foreground is a heap of turf covered with flowers: CAIN *is discovered lying over it.*

CAIN.

And is it here, oh, is it here thou liest,
My Ada! my wife, my friend! sole partner
Of all my earliest holiest thoughts, when they
Were worthy thee, when I was like thee. Oh,
How I loved thee then! and now, even now,
Come back those feelings, buried not extinct,
And I am what I should have been. Grief hath
Renewed and purified my being, but
Thou hear'st, seest me not, thine ear is cold,
Thine eye is dim, the clammy earth lies heavy
On thy love-breathing heart! Oh would thou didst!
That thou couldst see me kneel, imploring thee,
No—not to love—but trust me once again!
O God! it can *not* be—I press my hands
On my burning brow as if to 'scape an illusion.
Where art thou who wert with me, and so late?
Why this was thy own seat i' the eventide!

There blooms the very flower!—yes, thou *art* gone—
For it is withering! Oh, my Ada! my own—
Those eyes are closed, never to open more.
Thou liest beneath in freezing lifelessness!

How wonderful is Death! he cometh unseen,
And lo! the victim is not: a Presence is felt
By the living of an awful Shadow—a Power
Just passed! a voice, a warning voice,
As if a Prophet spoke, is left behind;
Soundless, yet thrilling through each nerve a fear
And mortal trembling to the heart, fond seat
Of startled life! the dread of an evil coming—
More dreaded from being undefined! but soon
A calm succeeds: fond memories rise, and the heart,
Soothed and subdued by them to infant weakness,
Dissolves away in softness. I *will* see thee,
Ada! though opposed—hold, hold!—no profanation
Of the holy dead! Thou didst profane her living
By looking on her while thy passionate hands
Reeked with the blood of her brother and herself,
For thou didst kill her spirit as his body.
No—ye are joined now and at rest: ye trusted
In God—he hath heard and made ye happy, for
With lowliness and reverence, ye poured
Your griefs to him as a father, and
He hath taken ye. Oh that I were like ye,
That my soul's loneliness and its remorse,

And passion, and pride, and hate, that have made earth
And myself a curse, may prove the punishments
To purify me for a higher being.
There is a calm fallen on me which I have not
Known since my boyhood: my eyes—my heart is full!
One more embrace, thou senseless earth! And now—
Now to my father.

[*He rushes out.*

SCENE XII.

The Tent.

ADAM, EVE, *and* ZILLAH.

ADAM.

My Eve, be patient yet:
Look on us, and be comforted; we mourn
As you—

EVE.

Oh, no! you cannot share with me
The feelings of a mother! *She* was not
Part of your being as mine; you never watched
From its first struggling into life the picture
Of her unfolding flower! so helplessly
Lying, so all-unconscious between life
And death, dependant on a mother's love!
You never felt her joy in seeing her own
Lineaments germing forth, her voice and features,
Nay, actions imitated, and her smile
Reflected in the light from its raised eyes!
And growing up, you cannot know the fond

And anxious watching of each new development;
The pride in seeing them realized, in feeling
Youth's hopes and fears and innocent joys again
All—all revived in them! But these are gone:
And left to memory in mockery,
Now she who gave them is no more!

ADAM.

Be patient:
Think'st thou he is not merciful as just?
That he hath robbed thee of them so young, and pure,
For ever? that all their opening faculties
Were given to be quenched thus in their earliest spring?
My Eve! have better thoughts; he is Almighty,
And can renew them as the flowers of earth
To rise and bloom again in Paradise:
Only be patient here.

ENOCH (*from without.*)

Help!—save me, save me!
He is coming—is upon me!

[ENOCH *rushes in from behind, and hides himself behind* ADAM.

ADAM.

Heedless boy!
Why break'st thou thus into the house of mourning?

ZILLAH.

Take breath and speak—what is it frights thee, Enoch?

ENOCH.

I was bearing fresh flowers to strew my mother's bed,

When a shape I had never seen sprung hastily
From the grass, and stretched his arms out and pursued me:
I looked not in my fear, but fled, and flying,
Shot back my arrow as my father taught me,
And—hark! there is a heavy tread!

ADAM.

A fall!

[ADAM *opens the door of the tent, and the body of* CAIN *falls within.*

EVE.

The hand of God is over us! Behold
THE WANDERER RETURNED!

ADAM.

Thy will be done!
How unforseen thou workest out thy ways!
How startling, coming on us unprepared!

ZILLAH.

Unhappy Cain! thy trials now are over!

ADAM.

Let me look on his face—how changed! Can this
Be he? Lo, how the stamp of darkest passion
Is scathed upon that wrinkled brow, that stiffening
In death, yet holds a warning silently
That speaks to the living! The cheeks, how wan and hollow!
And eyes sunk in with very misery!
And his hair all white, but not with years: and still

A smile methinks doth dwell on those thin lips,
As if the rest he sought were found at last.
Enoch, behold! restrain irregular thoughts,
And passions, and walk reverent before God.
Take him where Ada rests: guilt should not sleep
By the guiltless, but she prayed to us when dying,
That he should lay down near her whom, with all
His crimes and wayward errings she still loved.
Such was her latest prayer, and be it sacred!
We but fulfil an holy ordinance
In doing it!
Take him from hence, my Enoch!
And let them rest together; little joy
Have either known: he was begotten in
Sorrow and sin, and perchance took elements
Which, free to choose himself, he had rejected.
She was all purity and light! from earliest
Youth her heart turned to him with an unshaken
Love, that clung closer to him in his crimes,
To share his griefs, because she could not heal them!
Beautiful Ada! thou risest even now
On these old eyes, which worn with tears o'erflow,
For methinks I hear thy sweet voice in my ears,
Pleading for him who left thee but to die.
And lo! man's end, when he doth flee his kindred,
And bear alone griefs he was made to share.
Bless thee, my Ada, bless thee! and may thy God,
Who gave thee trials too hard for thee to bear,

Now take thee to his bosom, where all tears
Are washed away!

(*Turning to* ENOCH)—Enoch! thy hand is guiltless:
Thou wert the instrument ordained to fulfil
The fearful prophecy of the Arch-angel, who
Spake in the name of the Lord—" Thy hand was raised
" Against man—so shall man's hand against thee."
Lo, the fulfilment—thou hast slain thy father!

NOTES

TO

CAIN THE WANDERER.

Note 1, page 27, line 17.

Then up to heaven they soared, &c.

Our magnificent fiction of the Fall of the Angels was known to the ancient Brahmins, from whom the Greeks formed the story of the Titans, from whom the Jews the war against heaven, and from whom we have received it. The origin of the doctrine, the most ancient in the world, doubtless arose from men having observed the opposed elements of nature, from whence they drew the analagous inference of existing powers of good and evil, taught in such various ways, by all nations of the ancient world. But the Indian doctrine, as given in the Shastah, is more sublime and *natural*, if I may so speak, than our own, inasmuch as no blows or wounds are inflicted or received. They simply *disobeyed* the Highest, and were by him chained down in a place of darkness for I forget how many millions of years. He turned them into men, and placed them on our earth, on condition that they should not eat flesh, nor cohabit with the males of their new species, on pain of returning to the Onderah, or place of darkness.

Note 2, page 36, line 13.

This line, and perhaps the whole passage, was suggested by one of the very finest images in Lord Byron.

" Like to a harpstring stricken by the wind,
" The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er
" The seraph voices, touch the Almighty mind."

Prophecy of Dante.

Note 3, page 107, line 4.

The word Heilel signifies in the Hebrew language, the morning star; thus Isaiah, " How hast thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning ?" This passage is memorable, as it was this line translated from the prophet which procured for the devil the name of Lucifer; it being forgotten that the Latin word merely means that which sheds light, and that Isaiah is addressing the king of Babylon under the natural image of a brilliant star. This stroke of rhetoric has, however, been made invincible evidence of a war in heaven, and of angels precipitated down into hell; and the Fathers naturally encouraged the belief, as it invested the fall of man with more dignity, compassed as it was by the temptations of such lofty beings, than by being brought about by a mere snake and an apple tree.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

I SHAPED upon my musing eye a heaven:
Such as men strive to darkly image forth
By the sole aid of that pure element
In which they live, and are surrounded—Light.
The only immaterial essence, where
All else is gross and bodily; which hues,
Yea, almost spiritualizes matter, and
Enters the visual faculties of man,
And purifies them; and when departed leaves
Memories of love and of a purer being:
And a hope from earth's dark dungeon to be freed;
And chainless, and ethereal as itself,
Trace up its stream to the absorbing Fountain.
I was in spirit as he who wrote the Apocalypse:
Abstracted from each sound and any shape
Of outward form, each sense absorbed or passive;

But the faculty of inner vision, the eye
Of Thought was sleepless, and intensely watching
The shadowy creations it had raised,
As though they were revealments; were they so?
Can fiction leave on the mind her impresses
Stronger than truth? if so, where shall divide
The world of fancy and reality,
And who shall be the judge?

I saw far round me
A zone as it were of glory, a circle spreading
Far as my eye could reach, which had no boundary,
But was infinity. I looked again:
What I imagined light, I saw were hosts
Of most innumerable angel forms,
To which the stars or sands of the sea were nought;
And which to shape forth were a mockery;
For how may dust, by sounds, or hues, or images,
Embody the immaterial? They at first
Were undefined in brightness, and then grew black,
And swam before my eyes in the weakness of
Suffused vision: and I strove to pierce it,
When a nearer sight absorbed me utterly.

One solitary form, shaped like myself,
Stood in the centre of that glorious place.
I could have said it was myself, so like
Was each lineament and feature, but what followed
Confirmed me. The shape stood erect as God
Made man in his image, purified from what
It was on earth, erect, and high, and godlike,
But not divine; a form such as on earth
The poet or the limner may embody,
When dreaming of the great of old; or eye
Of love, that deifies all which it looks on:
The light of mind shone through his eyes, as rays
Of the setting sun through some most stately temple.

I was aware he stood there to be judged:
To give account of what his soul had done
With the body trusted to its charge, with all
Its faculties of strength and weakness; mind
With matter mingled, and thus limited
To attain perfection, but able to withstand
Temptation, resisting with the aid of faith,
And a firm reliance on itself. I saw
No judge, I heard no voice; it was

A vision of life and motion, but all soundless!
The intense light of that vast circle seemed
Concentering to a point, which fell on him,
Making his form irradiate as a mirror.
I saw into his being, and the mysteries
Of its creation were made visible; how
The forms and hues of earth were shadowed and
Vibrated on the nerves of life, received,
And imaged, and absorbed; and gradually
Retained within, leaving reflected memory,
And feelings of pain and rapture, love and awe;
And Thought, the soul apart, acting on each,
Or blending combinations of them all.
How, after vibrating upon the nerves,
They relapse, o'erstrained, and rest on slackened tension:
And sleep as music sleeps on the lute's strings,
Till touched again, they tremble to existence!

Slow then as morning shadows steal o'er earth,
The scenes and forms he had known, and loved or hated,
Arose before him: real, yet unsubstantial
As the phantoms of our dreams, which give us still
Rapture, or pains more keen than sense knows waking.

All he had yielded to, opposed, inflicted,
Thought, felt, and known, and proved of good and evil,
Were revealed; yea, even the most secret thoughts
Which men hide from themselves, as from a sense
Of their degraded nature, were exposed,
Without a shadow to hide them; and showed well,
If proof were wanting, how weak a thing is man!
I wept as the tale went on, in seeing all
He had thought and suffered. The passions given him
Which he had yielded to, or checked, till they
Turned curses, withering and making impotent
Mind's noblest faculties, and life a desert.
The trials he greatly had withstood—the pangs
He had felt for others' woes—the firmness he
Had met with a torn heart his own—and oh!
Far above all, the all enduring love
He had for one who could not be his own,
And yet was his—for death united him.
I saw all this, nor marked till then how changed
He grew; for life, with its transitions
Of scene, and passion, and agony, were condensed
Into moments, and the feelings of quick pain

And rapture acted on his frail being, as then,
Till he seemed wasted to a very shadow.
The tale was done, and the man who stood the wreck
Of his own feelings, raised his head as moved
By an energy kindling in him: his eye shone,
But not triumph; alas! there was no cause;
But with the calm, fixed consciousness of one
Who has to plead what he knows will be heard:
Those inner impulses that led to deeds
For which he stands to be pardoned or condemned:
In the belief of whose first principles
He erred, or feeling that he erred, withstood;
And the added certainty, that the great Judge
To whom he pleads does not condemn like man:
Who holds the scales of Justice and of Mercy,
Of themselves equally poising; but which balanced,
The breath of interceding Angels and
That of their Maker sways, till vibrating,
The beam of mercy slowly soars aloft!
He stretched his hand forth to the Lord and spoke:—
" O Thou! who dwellest here and everywhere:
" Who wert, and art, our Father, and our God!
" I call to Thee—condemn me as thou wilt—

" But hear me! Thou seest all what I have been:
" It was known to thee before I was; how I
" Have yielded to each feeling of my being
" That gave me joy, but opposed, when wounding others.
" Thou know'st in my opening being how
" I was all love and faith, and knelt to thee,
" And poured the heart forth which thou gavest me:
" Even as earth's flower pours the emanation
" Of its spirit to the sun. How I tasked Nature
" To answer, and found, and worshipped thee in her,
" Loving and dwelling on her least things, as
" Symbols of Thee, the impresses of Mind
" Of which they were the shadows! My altars were
" The mountains, lit by heaven's eternal stars;
" Where the Winds or Thunder swelled their choral hymn,
" Pealing from earth's vast temple up to Thee!
" And on the setting suns I gazed, until
" I became part of the light, and glory, and
" Of the beauty I sighed after! So I lived
" Apart, in the ardour of my soul's young purity:
" The haunts of men were as detested as

" The cities, where plague and evil have abodes,
" And selfishness, tainting all who enter them.
" I lived in a world of my own phantasies:
" And was myself as disembodied from
" My natural being as they; and fed on them
" As the flame doth on the invisible airs.
" This could not last—and yet it lasted too long.
" It was unnatural, the solitude
" That cradled, and gave birth with all its forms,
" To the combinations of my thought, that filled it
" With creations of its own, at length o'erpowered me.
" The visions of beauty I had shaped were not:
" I knew they were not, but the reality
" Of truth now sickened, and made me cling more fondly
" To my delusion, as my only happiness;
" Wasting on dreams of feeling and of passion
" The energies of life, and cherishing hopes
" And longings that could not be realized.
" And thus I strove with Nature, but in vain.
" This body sunk in the unnatural effort:
" But the will was still unshaken, which I deemed
" Immortal in itself, of power to act,

" And sway materialism to its impresses.
" But as their energies enfeebled which
" Were its origin, it grew enervated,
" And, flagging daily, sunk from its high flight,
" And folded in despair its broken wings,
" Like a lost spirit for ever! The ardour was quenched
" That buoyed and raised me from the earth, like fire
" From the heavier elements, making them succumb.
" The pride of thought and conscious mind was gone;
" The very hope to raise myself from men,
" To leave my mind behind me in the page
" Of my own burning thoughts, to record there
" All I had felt, proved, known of the high and beautiful,
" Mysteries of Nature, and the human soul,
" Was quenched;—this most absorbing passion
" Of my youth up—to live a spirit though dead—
" So early born in me it seemed innate,
" And only to be quenched with my last breath,
" Or rather as if it could *not* then be quenched,
" But must live after me for ever—a want,
" An aching wish ungratified—this failed me,—
" Even this—my life's life; and in the apathy

" Of my quenched spirit was made a mockery!
" For I saw Truth, and felt its nothingness.
" Oh, in those hours how I threw myself
" On the heath, in the madness of despair, which rose
" From the very consciousness of mind's exhaustion,
" And recklessness of life, or aught beyond it!
" I looked to heaven reproachfully, and said,
" There is no God—or why hath he thus suffered
" My life to be a burden and a curse,
" For striving to resemble him in being
" Like Himself, pure and passionless? in living
" Apart, and blessing all? Why were those feelings
" Given, that were joys which poured forth on his works,
" Till they swelled in very fullness up to Him,
" To depart thus—and leave their tenement
" That held and cherished them, a desolate void,
" Lowest in being's scale? I plunged among men—
" A fire was in my brain—a dizzy sense
" Of abandonment by all, which I gave way to,
" And went so far in passion's excess, that they
" The used, shrunk back, and marvelled—it was the same

" Passion re-wakened, but in despair, which sunk me
" As low as it was once raised high. But the wild rage
" Of the elements rests at last, as we, their compounds.
" My course was done, and, though in youth, I felt
" The apathy of age, in sullen loneliness
" Withering alone, as the sapling in the desert.
" And faith in thee, or in myself, or virtue,
" Or good or evil, or hope or fear, was gone.
" But slowly sinking, and all passionless,
" My steps were walking towards my grave, when *One*
" Stood in my path (was it thy will, Omnipotent?)
" And like a spirit changed me, and shed light
" On the depths of my soul, when buried in despair;
" And taught me to know myself, till then unknown.
" That life was not a blank, or given for the brood
" Of idle fancies, coloured by the sense,
" As fleeting and as unreal as themselves;
" But for the energy of action, which
" Is Virtue; for the excitement of those sympathies,
" Which draw us towards humanity, whose use
" Is the happiness of our fellow beings, so
" Making our own, by most resembling Thee;

" Loving most those who are create thy image.
" Hence doth come cheerfulness, from the high consciousness
" Of not having lived in vain; and perfect faith,
" That sees and bears all trials with a calm eye,
" And tranquil heart: and the hope that after life,
" Truth shall be given to the mind struggling for it,
" Which was ordained to be hidden while on earth,
" Until our lives proved we were worthy to rise
" Again, and embrace it in a purer being.
" I saw and lived, for life revived again,
" But with a nobler aim; its spring was past
" In barren fancies, but the summer might
" Produce a worthier harvest. But Fate's shadow
" Already was darkening behind me, and o'ertook.
" I knew the hour was come, and I departed.
" But that star looked upon my closing eye
" As it had still through the wake of thunder-clouds,
" Stedfast and most unshaken! We are not
" Separate, though the gulph doth yawn between us
" Of life and of eternity, for moments
" Will join—and hath not thine elected said,
" They who are bound on earth are bound in heaven?"

He ended, bowing prostrate to his feet:
And lo! a murmur rose forth from the hosts,
Then died away in silence—all was still;
But oh! how far more awful was that stillness
Than any sound or motion! The rays of Light
Concentered on his form, till, as on earth
The clouds pass from the sun which hide its lustre,
So his outward form that as a mantle covered,
Faded and perished as the inner *soul*,
Became each moment glorified! and burned
Pure as a fire upon an altar, and
Freed from each taint, and bond, and dross of earth,
Rose in its flight till lost in highest heaven!

DARKNESS.*

THE Earth waxed old: the pulses of her life
Vibrated fainter to the warmth-giving Sun,
The watch-fire around which she had wheeled so long,
Her cycle, that seemed as everlasting. But
Unequal now, she erred from her fixed course:
Her self-moving energies sunk impotent as
The attracting sympathy of heat was felt
Less in her veins; and, widening her circles still,
She wandered farther from that central guide,

* The idea of this poem was suggested after reading some theories of the earth in one of our Encyclopædias; when it struck me, that the finale of all things, as caused by the earth's aberration from her sphere, and consequent intense cold and darkness, attempted to be described in the text, was fully as natural and as likely to occur, or to *have* occurred, as any other consummation, either by "central fire," or the waters, or by tails of comets, up to the theories of Ditton and Whiston, so painfully immortalised in one of Swift's epigrams.

To which fate willed she never must return.
Decay, that inward works, and is unseen,
Until the source, the pulse of life is touched,
Grew manifest, and showed the vigorous germs
Of the Elements which made and moved the whole,
Were sinking rapidly to dissolution.
The leaves fell from the sapless trees without
The aid of winds, for the airs were stagnant as
The waters: the flowers withered, for the sun
Far off, shone on them, but could not invigorate.
The current of men's blood flowed heavily:
Youth sunk with the weight of years, old age was not.
And then a dreary twilight wrapt the world,
Such as invests the Arctic, lit by the stars,
And the cheerful day-light was forgotten, or
Remembered as a thing to be no more.
And then the Nations rose as from a dream,
And felt the end of all things was at hand:
That the plague of Darkness was upon them, and
Slow deepening, like a grave to bury all.
Hope sickened still with watching for the sun,
And then gave wildly way to her despair.

Then how the many passions were let loose
That are innate in man; hidden from all,
Unknown ev'n to himself, till the hour comes,
And circumstance shows him what he is, in good
Or evil, betraying the monster or the god.
None *now* were hypocrites, the hour was past,
The mask was thrown off from all brows, and all
Beheld each other as they were; but fear
Was fixed too strongly on all, and centered and
Absorbed all feeling in the love of life,
And self; all else was for the present forgotten.
To the mountain heights they crowded, and felled woods,
And lit enormous watch-fires, which blazed out
And lighted the heavens, and cast far o'er the earth
A pale and dreadful light! But they saw nought,
Save the red fires, to them they crowded round;
And their hearts were glad, and opened, and exulted
In forgotten heat, they felt for nought beyond,
Though the life of half the world was stiffening round
them.
They slew all cattle, and feasted on them with
A wild and desperate fierceness—"Let us eat
"And drink," they shouted, "since tomorrow we die."

Then, as when serpents uncongealed by heat,
Feel the black passions of their nature kindle,
So all that springs from the heart when the restraints
Of fear and shame are not, broke forth. They made
A mockery of their despair; and turned and slew
Each other in malice, or in sport, or hatred;
And Rape, Revenge, and Murder stalked abroad
Unstaid by law or human or divine.
The blood quenched ev'n the fires, and the earth seemed,
Flickering beneath the hollow vault of heaven,
Like blackest Hell lit by infernal fires!
And men the demons exulting in the ruin
And the agonies they made! But Famine followed,
Gaunt, soul-subduing Famine, that sinks down
The giant to the infant; even so
Strength gasped its breath out on the lap of weakness,
Or crawled along to seek a wretched sustenance
On herbs, or refuse, and if nerve held, on man.
The fires grew fainter, none were left to pile them;
For intense cold deadened life's latest pulses.
The flashes fell on some, who gathered nearer,
Crouched in a knot, were praying; for, though their lips
Moved not, the gleams fell on their eyes which were

Raised up to heaven beseechingly; and others
Were lying apart in shrouded selfishness
And apathy immoveable. Some had
Died in each other's arms, as clasped in love,
But the light shone on their white upturned faces,
Where hate was stamped indelibly in death!
Others, in sullen desperation, apart
Had thrown themselves in the gloom, and the wild light
That fell on them betrayed most savage features,
Wasted with hollow famine; but writhing more
With pride, and hatred, and defiance, and the scorn
Of the fierce spirit that mocked its human sufferings
With the impotent muttered curses of despair!

One ghastly maiden, shrunk to a very skeleton,
Her raiment torn to shreds which hung around her,
Bent near the fire, and feebly strove to drag
A form nearer it she could not move.
It was her aged father—he was dead,
Frozen to a heap: the tatters of his cloak
Were stained with the blood of his death-wound while guarding
With his last strength the honor of his child.

But steadily, as bent on some fixed task,
Her purpose she pursued with slackening efforts,
And passionless all; no show of human feeling
Lived in her gaunt cheek or wan lustreless eye.
Reason and all the energies of nature
Seemed dead within her, or insensate from
Intensity of suffering! Her limbs
Still acted, as impelled on by a principle
Forgot, or perchance a dim instinct remained
That the embers of the fire, whose spectral glare
Fell on her eye, would revive *him* back to life.
At length exhausted utterly, she sunk down,
And her cheek drooped on his, and her matted hair
Mixed with her father's dyed and grizzled beard;
I thought she prayed for him, but that energy
Was long—long past: their lips met—she was dead!

They were the last group I beheld; all else
Was motionless: far off on the unseen peaks
Of hills, lights gleamed out like expiring meteors:
But I heard no sound; all was an awful silence,
A calm, void, desolate, horrible repose!
Petrific Death and Darkness buried all!

The earth was stoned into a lump, dry, arid:
A chaos again—a lifeless, motionless void.
And, as the human body, when the warmth
And juices of life are gone, dissolves, and parts
In dry corruption—so earth's crumbling mass,
Her streams dried up, and fires extinguished, slowly
Disjointing, separated from each other as
The leaves part from the autumn boughs:—*they* fell not,
Their gravitating energy was lost,
But parted asunder as the shapes of clouds
In the summer sky, all silently like a dream!

Its place was lost in heaven: the fabrics floated,
Buoyed on the waste and void immensity.
Askest thou *whither?* ask *Him*, the Everlasting,
Who makes and crushes worlds like atoms!—*Him*
Who first did launch the mighty ship into
The floating ocean of isled space, and bade her
Turn self-instinctive to that sun as to
Her polar star! vibrating to its rays,
And feeling their influence in her inmost soul,
While steering through that fathomless deep, whose shores
Are worlds, whose space is *his* infinity,

Whose void is the sensorium of Godhead:
His breath,—the making, all-supporting Life.
My vision was ended: and though I knew it was
But combinations of disjointed fancies
Which wisdom doth condemn, yet it left on me
An impress as of truth, reality
That might be, or has been, which reason could not
Mock or deny, feeling and knowing here
How often truth doth rest on phantasies.

ON DEITY.*

Ευκρατος εἷς Δαίμων γενετο, ωμέγας ἀρχος ἁπάντων.
ORPHEUS.

THOU One apart before all worlds, alone,
Ingenerable Principle! whose throne
Is starred Infinity, which is life, is Thee;
Portion, breath, essence of the Deity,
Filling and moving through all space, co-mate
With thee, eterne, and uncreate!

* This poem was rather a commentary suggested from the notes attached to it, than the notes from the poem. I wished briefly to bring before the more unclassic reader the sentiments of the ancient world on the most important of all subjects,—their ideas of Deity. If the lines thrown together betray any other aim and end, it is that of a mind striving to fix its own ideas on the subject, and at the same time freely and boldly condemning the evils of zealotism and fanaticism.

Thou eldest worship of ideal Time!
Hailed, though unseen, behind thy veils sublime,
Which to unfold not mightiest spirits dare,
Lest scathed by the unknown lightnings blasting there!
The nations spread on earth then turned to Thee:
Instinctive as the leaves on the grown tree,
To the viewless airs, or flowers to the sun,
Breathing their incense when the day is done.
Man rose, thy image, on his wondering knee;
And looked around, and saw the moving whole,
And felt apart he was a living soul;
A want, a pre-established harmony;
And was all eye, and looked up to blue heaven,
And felt that *upwards* he aspired, even
As his erected form; what was the spell
That wrought, and made his bosom sink and swell
With yearnings of immortal nature, while
He watched that sun first rise on him and smile?
Feeling—the thrilling of his nerves yet rife
With the last touch that kindled them to life;
The emanation from the God—the flame
That lit within still pointed whence it came!

Power—who art wrapt in Darkness thrice unknown!
Thou Mystery! to whom all living things
Bow down to in their many imagings,
But all alike their pride and blindness own.
How *know* we that thou art, we who know nought:
Whose knowledge, or what we dream as such, is wrought
From images around us, changing still;
By whose very elements is formed the will,
And faculties of which we boast, and dream
Created apart, and made to reign supreme
O'er all around, which, by their law of fate
And nature, must themselves assimilate
To every impulse given, thus most in thrall,
When deemed most free, and giving laws to all!
Oh when shall we be greater than we are?
When from this prison will the eternal bar
Of dull dark sense be lifted, and an end
Be of our combinations which we blend
Together, and call Thought, that web of pain,
And error, unravelling its threads in vain,
And working ever anew; that tangled chain,
Without beginning or end, that rests on what?

Baseless idealisms, which painfully wrought
By the same atoms is still left undone;
The task from age to age to be begun.
But still we hug our blindness, strive to hide
Our nature's impotence from hope or pride;
And weave on dreams immortal, which our deeds
Still mock, and prove our faith was built on reeds.

When will the cloud that hides Thee from our gaze
Unfold? when shall we feel thy inmost rays
Within our purified being, made intense
Spirits, all love and all intelligence?
Are there not beings in each particular star
Of that isled Ocean beckoning us from far,
Loftier than we? If *they* behold thee, why,
Struggling as we do, dost thou so deny
Thyself to our aspirations?—are they higher—
Give us their portion of ethereal fire;
If otherwise, what end, hope, joy hast Thou
In beings like ourselves, who blindly bow
To what they know not? whose life is ignorance,
A vain delusion, moving in a trance
Among the things unrealized; our eyes

Mocking and making all things a disguise,
Despite ourselves; which painfully the eye
Of Thought detects, yet doubts if it belie,
Knowing our feeble nature, and that man
Hath ne'er agreed in truth since time began.

O mighty God! when shall we *know* thou art?
Not owned as a mere feeling of the heart,
Mocked when unfelt; and outlived when decayed
The nerves of life which once those feelings made:
But when wilt thou be stamped in *soul* divine,
As are the spirits in heaven for ever thine?
Atoms of Time, what feeble things are we
Lost in the scale of thy infinity!
How less than nothing—for what do we know?
We stand on this earth's brink, and feel the glow
Of love, and awe, and wonder, and wish for wings
To flee and mingle with the glorious things
Living around us; this youth's first impress,
When feeling flows as if could ne'er be less,
The tides of the full heart, till chill of earth
Is felt, and the bounding ardours of its birth
Are quenched in their despair; and apathy

Succeeds, and all those hopes which to the sky
Raised us, are mocked as dreams, and we look up
No more, but toil on, drinking deep the cup
Of bitterness, or the Circèan draught
Of vice, which once when we have madly quaffed
Drowns memory, and transforms us to the thing
Most loathed in our once pure imagining;
Till slaved to habit we are brutes, not men;
Without the wish even left to be again
What we once were; a state as false, perchance,
As the present, but far happier—for our trance
Deepens, till vice and virtue become sounds,
Not holy things, and all that man surrounds,
Faith, hope, and love are scoffed, till we doubt Thee:
Which is our ignorance, not impiety.

O vainest aspiration of weak breath
That would still pry behind the veil which Death
Casts o'er futurity; it is our pride,
That with the mask of knowledge we would hide,
And comprehend the things that are not given,
Yea, even define the Omnipotent of heaven!
Thou fool—why were eternity revealed,

And the gates of life and death to thee unsealed,
How couldst thou comprehend them? thou, who art
A point of Space's least atom, and least part;
Compound of dust crawling on it, among things
For ever made false by thy imaginings,
Assuming monstrous shapes; yet who live on
As motes i' the sun, or *insects* of the air,
Born in their element and resolving there?
Sooner the gossamer that hangs so fine
On the blue air his silvery gleaming line,
Shall poise it on the wild winds sweeping by,
As thou, rest on one single certainty.

But how judged they of old, the Sages, who
Were priests of Nature, from whose shrine they drew
The Oracles of truth; who in the air
And mountain places held their watch, and there,
While the world in darkest ignorance slept around,
Held commune with the stars of Night, and found
Thee, moving silently in the void profound!
They prayed and purified themselves from clay
Until their visual faculties saw the ray
Of mind, as pure as it can fall on earth,

Through the gross mists that dim and quench its birth.
Much of the truth they saw, and much they told
Darkly, but all they dared not to unfold:
For care doth couch the blind, and man still clings
To error with a fond idolatry;
And though he might drink Truth from her pure springs,
And wide extend through space his vigorous eye,
Yet, without effort, better love to lie
Supine and sunk in hopeless apathy.

They were the witnesses from age to age
Raised up, interpreters of Nature's page,
And the Maker they named darkly; but
The words of godlike virtue they did not shut
From their gross eyes, and oh, how beautiful
Are they! how pure, and high, and fixed the rule
Of right meted out for weak humanity,
Which they stood forth in their most pure lives to
Embody, and realize the good they drew.
Can they, indeed, who gave them, ever die?
Methinks it is impossible, they live
Here, and must ever: what is the life *we* give

But necessary memories? They have,
(O let us dream it), life beyond the grave!
The past without them had been blank, and we
Children yet struggling in our infancy.
What light is shed forth from their minds intense!
What glow of feeling, what magnificence
Of fancy and expression! We have not
Met them by power of unassisted thought,
Though science long hath mocked their search confined,
Useless their groping strength in the cave when blind:
But they raised Truth's foundations, which o'erthrown,
Left the *materiel* to build our own.
And they too sought the Deity, have they not
Left us their thoughts, and shall they be forgot?
Did they unite round that sole point? was He
The central, where they circled in unity?
His visible works like rays absorbed within,
Proof of the God who is, hath ever been?

No!—as the chaos seeds from whence they sprung,
Sunk darkling down or in the mid-air hung,

Baseless, and borne about by every breath,
Things of a point, whose every change is death;
So various and uncertain was the Light
Shed darkly on their intellectual sight.
They found Thee in the world, great moving Soul!*
Kindling and living through the eternal whole,
As life doth through our forms, which dies not, tost
Through all forms changing still, but never lost.
A self-directing pure Activity,†
Spring of all motion, eternal, but not free,
Bound to the earth by strong necessity;
Comate, and deathless as itself. A Fire‡
Ethereal, kindling life which we respire,
To central earth, where is its fount, from whence
The spark is drawn of mind's intelligence,
And feelings of pain and passion, hope and joy,
Which life a ruling destiny shall destroy,
As it hath ever, and again renew
The eternal whole, changing, but ever new.
Or denied all in all, a phantasy§
Lost in the atoms of vacuity.

* Pythagoras.
† Aristotle.
‡ Zeno, and the Stoics.
§ Democritus, and Epicurus.

Or God apart, sole, pure, ineffable;*
Ocean of bliss and glory, from whom swell
Souls, as the infinite streams from the great sea,
That rise, and maze, then lose themselves in Thee!
Their fountain, all unseen; towards whom they yearn,
Parted, but seeking ever to return:
To whom Earth stood up to be made, and took
Her impresses of form beneath thy look,
Dim exemplars of mind divine! and soul
Was sent down from the stars, to its control
Bound down as in a prison; its light wings
Clipt by the element which round them clings:
And so it pines its lost bright place, and grieves,
Yet not by hope abandoned; it receives
Through its dim visual casement rays which tell,
And still recall the bright place whence it fell,
And renew all its longings, half forgot
By its long exileship on earth's foul spot:
That mocking it with forms it knows *not* real,
Recalls their lost and beautiful ideal!

* Plato.

So hath it been and shall be to time's end:
Man still shall live, look up, and strive to blend
His being with the undying, and left earth's brink,
Feel he is borne on waxen wings and sink,
Struck down by his nature's impotence, which is
It may be, his sole cause of happiness,
The ignorance of the future; but his eye,
Still opening to the starred page of the sky,
Shall read, or dream it reads, in them a meaning
Hidden, a voice which through the intervening
Infinite speaks to him, and tells him there
Are the immortal dwellings he shall share;
And so he mocks life's pangs, and parting breath,
Till hope's torch glimmers in the gasp of death!

Thou visionary sublime! thou marvel, man!
Who in thine own breast hold'st the talisman,
The knowledge-tree that bears such different fruit.
Fine alchemist! who all things canst transmute
To purest gold, and make a hell, or heaven,
Felt by the innate passions to thee given:
Thine agonies that made thee shape forth hell,
Thy joys that asked if such in heaven could dwell.

O thou fine-nervèd feeling, visual thing!
Thou featherless animal, who without a wing
Canst soar so high or sink so low! and be
Pure as a God, or make brutes gods to thee!
Thou Mover among things unrealised!
Which, though thou knowest to thyself disguised,
Yet cling'st to their delusion with a fond
Love, nor abandoned, hope of aught beyond;
What marvel if the embraced-cloud gives thee bliss?*
In thyself the cause is of thy happiness,
The imaginative faculty, that draws
And moulds creation subject to its laws:
That makes itself the central, like the sun
Hueing and quickening all it looks upon;
That sees eternity its ken surround;
That feels God throned i' the infinite around;
His visual Presence in the lightning path,
And in the clouds his ministers of wrath,
Or love; and in the stars sphere music, and
Visions come to him from the unknown land
Of the Dead, and voices answer from the wood,

* Allusion to the story of Ixion.

And the Airs talk to him in solitude !
And thou hast shaped, or *hast*, in thine own breast,
A power to meet these separate, or compressed
Intensely upon each, or freed from thrall,
A spirit, feeling, hearing, answering all !

Oh, well it were for thee if such fond life
Could ever last, if raised above the strife
Of grosser sense, and passion, thou couldst be
Abstracted in thy mind's intensity.
Unravelling with thought's eye the fine wove web
Of Destiny, and tracing the flow and ebb
Of empires, and the human passions which
Were the elements that wrecked them in their pitch
Of greatness, waiting not the hand of Time.
Then search for the dark origin of crime,
Tracing through its most involuted thread
The effect to its lost cause ; till upwards led,
Freed from material trammels, with clear eye
Thou risest to contemplate Deity,
And the pure stars and all that doth not die.
And this was the end of man's life, not to toil
Like the brute for his earned sustenance, and despoil

His fellow man with the strong arm of power;
But breathe in peace and calm life's little hour.
Or why were else such useless faculties given,
Save but to prove we are united to heaven
By links, which though invisible, are felt,
And proved by effort: but untried, will melt
Away like morning dreams, and be unknown?
What inner mysteries have they not shown,
And where shall be their boundary? They have
None, for though man doth sink within his grave,
He is but part, and human life they claim,
For ever varying, but still the same.

Oh, in such high pursuits thou wouldst despise
The petty things we here so fondly prize:
And crime and passions' brute deeds, that make earth
A hell, or worse, no longer would have birth;
But living 'midst God's works, wouldst feel the glow
Of love and worship long forgot, for oh,
The study of nature purifies the heart!
And gives impressions that will not depart:
That sink insensibly within, and leave
Memories of love and hope, which when we grieve

For the natural ills of life, return, and buoy
The heart with feelings of remembered joy,
In scenes where happiness was; until we yearn
Like the arkless bird, though banished, to return
To those loved haunts, where, bounding as the foam
And free, we gladdened in our natural home,
And wandered there, and all those raptures poured,
When God was found in nature, and adored.

And is it so in cities, in the crowd
Of men, is He thus by the heart avowed?
Where vice and splendour take up their abodes,
Where poverty the wretch to madness goads,
Urging to deeds his nature once abhorred?
Where walks unmasked hypocrisy abroad:
Where the vain sophist still holds forth the word,
And preaches love and charity unheard?
His name is made the mockery of kings,
The pander to their perjured oaths, till springs
Cunning from her deep lair and binds the yoke,
Cautious and sure as the tiger in its stroke;
Making a bye-word of the fools who put
Their faith in princes; till all hope outshut,

Those slaves in madness rise and dare be free!
The very end the tyrant could foresee
Of their despair; then forth from hell's black porch
War stalks on earth and shakes his horrid torch:
And fire and famine let loose on their prey,
And man, the wildest, sweep them from the day!
And there the zealot, in his lesser sphere
Apart, frowns unrelenting and austere:
Whose very pride were wounded if they who fell
Once, were redeemed from fires unquenchable;
Whose innate selfishness corrodes to hate,
Which, if unshackled, would again create
The scenes we look back to like dreams, for oh,
If aught can make this earth a hell below,
It is fanaticism! that makes man worse
Than fiends, without one atom of remorse,
Or human love, but a fierce glorying pride
To feed with blood their Moloch and their Guide!

Blind, frantic fools! to deem that He above
Who made the earth and wondrous heavens in love;
Who dwelleth round and in them, whose great soul

Lives through each part and kindles through the whole!*
Whose Voice broke through the deep in thunder on—
"Let there be Light!" and blessed it when it shone;
When the great sun o'er darkness throned sublime,
Rolled her red car that bore the infant Time!
And bade man wake to consciousness, and be
Joined like himself in bond of unity!
When scattered atoms heard the word and met:—
As in the valley of Jehosophat,
The dry bones leaped up into life before
The prophet of God, and human aspects wore;
Type of that birth when time shall be no more:—
To deem that *He* like your base selves can feel
The passions on which rest your fiendish zeal:
Merciless revenge that dies not in the grave;
And justice, such as tyrants show the slave!
Who like a thief (ennobling thought!) shall come
With sound of trump (or wilt thou?) tuck of drum?
And wrap all earth in lightning's scathing gleams,
And 'midst life's agonies, and maddening screams,

* Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.

Catch up the strong in faith ere breath expires,
And damn the weak to everlasting fires!

Eternal Maker! if I doubted thee,
It is that beings with such thoughts could be,
And deem they are allied, inspired by thee!
But what hast thou to do with such? thy shrine
Is in the hearts of those who are divine
As they near thee through love; but *these*, whose breasts
Are turned to rock on which no herbage rests,
Make pander thy dread name to satiate
Their own dark passions, malice, and keen hate,
Which restrained inwardly corrodes the blood,
And gangrenes all the sources of life's flood,
Till power is given—then like the snake forth springs,
And oh, how all remorselessly it stings!

O be thou meek and humble as the dust
From which thou wert, to which return thou must:
Know what thou art, how little in the scale!
Breath of that life whose every pulse might fail!
That common and essential as the light,

Ebbs, and reflows, as day doth into night:
Or the airs that come and go, and leave no trace
In the eternal fulness of all space!

And what art *thou* who wouldst judge and condemn
Thy erring brethren, weak and frail as them?
A speck, a water-drop between the seas
Of past and future, two eternities!
An atom in the scales of good and ill,
Leaning to this,—to that attracted still!
A spark of life yet hovering on the verge
Of night, a snow-flake drifted by Time's surge,
Cast on earth's shore a moment ere it sever,
Melted in air for ever and for ever!

Still let me buoy myself with dreams of Thee:
Though like all others based on phantasy.
I know thee not, I feel thee not; for those
Thrillings with which my ardent being glows
When struggling from its clay, are my own hopes,
That sink again, as thought all vainly copes
With the infinity that overpowers.
And gone for ever are those happy hours,

When faith was certainty to youth's quick ken;
O how my spirit mounted to thee then!
I sought thee not among the haunts of men,
My heart yearned towards Nature, for I felt
Intelligence between us, and love dwelt,
That drew me to her as is drawn a child
To its natural mother! by the grey crag wild,
In the solemn forest, by the rushing sea,
I heard the sounds that spoke to me of thee!
O how my heart its full idolatry poured
Then to the setting suns! yea, half adored,
Forgetting them thy symbols—soul was full—
All eye, all feeling of the beautiful!
That was my natural life, though false, a dream,
But one most blessed; we can not redeem
The past, and regret were weak: our days roll on,
And with them those wild impulses are gone;
And time and grief and passion change us so,
That even our very selves we should not know,
But by sad memories; the nerves are dead
That once thrilled feeling, and the glory shed,
Haloing all objects with its light, is o'er;
The imaginative eye awakes no more!

Yet to the last, when of all else bereft,
Hope in the very depths of the heart is left.
Angel of Mercy! sent from heaven thou art,
Still watching there when all on earth depart!
Still blossoming thy green eternal wreath
O'er the waste ruin and decay beneath!
Yes—thou art all in all to man: life's storms
Gather, and youth's once lovely scene deforms;
And the world petrifies the heart; but still
Thy pulse beats there where all is sear and chill!
A wintry ray that smiles the dark clouds through,
And gilds the rose-leaves it can not renew!
The polar star that draws soul's steadfast eye,
To anchor there its immortality!

Ay, still I feel and own thee here; when broods
The tempest round me in these solitudes:
And the deep gloom of its stern presence throws,
A chilling calm, a horrible repose;
When the fowls shelter from the oppressive air,
And the tamed brutes shrink cowering in their lair:
And the leaves quiver with instinctive fear
Of something dreaded, imminent, and near!

While, like the cloak of black Revenge, the clouds
Above hang motionless in murky shrouds,
Where Fear looks awe-struck up—and back doth start—
As gleams forth suddenly the ethereal dart!
And the Voice—the thunder in its thrilling tone—
Calls like the invisible God from his red throne!
Which shuddering Nature echoes with her groan!
Then Hope breathes—" Such may be a type displayed,
(" As all are impresses of Him who made,)
" How life shall hear and tremble at his voice:
" And then renewed, in endless spring rejoice!"
And when at night upon the heath I stand,
Even as a mariner on some drear strand,
Whence isles are shining in the distance seen:
Wooing him there to their eternal green
From his dark cave, though oceans roll between;
While his eye, his heart towards them still doth roam,
As if *there* only were his natural home!
Hope then doth whisper—" Why dost thou repine?
" Think'st thou their Maker placed them there to shine,
" And mock thee, and those longings he impressed?
" And wherefore given ye?—that ye should not rest
" In indolence, as drones within a hive,

" Engendering doubt and discontent, but strive
" For things placed purposely beyond your reach;
" To exercise your faculties, and teach
" There is a Power above ye, by whose eye
" Ye are watched, and who fulfilled the destiny
" To which ye may aspire—embracing him
" In his works, and opening mind's vision dim,
" And the heart tempering to faith and love;—
" Shall raise ye to a higher state above,
" Beyond this lazar-house, this earthlier clime,
" Ruled by the skeleton Death, the shadow Time!"

NOTES.

I do but gather men's opinions, you
Shall judge of them."

Note 1, page 180, line 2.

Hailed, though unseen, behind thy veils sublime.

All nations, up to the remotest antiquity, have acknowledged a Supreme Being. All, no doubt, have indulged in their various fables—in those *intermediates* which all nations have had, and ever will have, under the various denominations of intelligencies, divine natures, dæmons, &c.; but they all owned, and believed, and finally centered in One. Egypt debased herself by her brute worship, but they were symbols invented to amuse the crowd, and to benefit the priests, as well as to serve for the signs and influences of the heavenly bodies. The Persians, a more philosophical people, hailed on their mountains, the sun, and the host of heaven, and fire, as their intermediates, but Mithra was the Supreme, as, among the Indians, Brama was the lord of all. Might not the Egyptians have *originally* worshipped fire, and so have given it to the Persians? The obelisks and pyramids, as Porphyry observes, (apud Euseb. Præp. Evang.) denote by their shape, the element and nature of fire, and were dedicated to the sun. On the ruins of Pars-abad, or Persepolis, the foundation of which is lost in antiquity, are still to be seen figures adoring Fire, surrounded by the various emblems of the winged globe, lotus leaves, &c. engraved in Egyptian architecture. Every traveller visiting those most striking ruins, has some theory of

his own to support, this was merely a suggestion arising from them. I shall touch on these interesting points again: a recollection of a passage from Herodotus, suggested the line in the text. He mentions, that on a temple dedicated to Neitha, at Sais in Lower Egypt, was this inscription. "I am whatever is, or has "been, or will be, and no mortal has hitherto drawn aside my *veil:* "my offspring is the Sun." What is this sublime inscription but an acknowledgment of the great truth, known and felt *then*, and expressed in language worthy of its theme? According to M. Salt, the Phonetic name of this divinity is NEET or NΘ, and her symbolic illustration, a human figure with the head of a lion.

Note 2, page 181, line 1.

Power who art wrapt in Darkness thrice unknown!

Plotinus says, Ennead, v. lib. 5, that the Pythagoreans denominated the first god Apollo, according to *their* most secret signification, the word implying a negation of many. To which we may add, that the epithets "darkness," and "obscurity," wonderfully agree with the appellation of a "thrice unknown Darkness," employed by the Egyptians, according to Damascius, in their most mystical invocations of the first God: and at the same time afford a sufficient reason for the remarkable silence of the most ancient philosophers and poets, concerning this highest and most ineffable subject.

Note 3, page 183, line 9.

The nerves of life which once those feelings made.

It is in *nerve* alone, according to Bouterweck, that soul and sensibility reside, and consequently all the moral faculty, namely, the will, intellect, &c. Man is a moral being, because he is sensible, because he possesses more or less *nerve*—"les nerfs, voilà

" tout l'homme." This theory is simple and clear enough, explaining a host of difficulties, such as the influence of climate, sex, temperament, diet, &c. on the *morale* of different individuals. We can easily understand how the nerves may be affected by these external agents, and how, from different impressions, different characters are formed. I confess that, besides considering this theory much more poetical, I prefer it, philosophically, to the lumps, and bumps, and fatalism of Gall.

Note 4, page 185, line 12.

As thou, rest on one single certainty.

Is certainty attainable by the human mind? so asked Kant, and found it only in our necessary notions, or in the laws of our understanding, which are such, that we cannot conceive anything otherwise, than those laws represent. In the first class of these imperative forms are space and time. Kant shows that all our perceptions are submitted to these two forms, and thence concludes that *they* exist in us, and not in objects, and that, in this respect, it is *our* understanding which gives nature laws, instead of receiving them from her. Geometry measures space, and arithmetic divides time: they are sciences of demonstration, because they rest on the necessary notions of the human understanding. Neither have we any notion of the all Eternal Being: to *know*, the perception must have an object to correspond with it. What perception can we have of Deity as an object? How then dare we write about as if we *knew* Him?

Note 5, page 186, line 2.

Much of the truth they saw and much they told
Darkly.

Plato himself says that, "that which is produced has necessarily " an author. It is difficult to discover the author of this world;

" and when he is found, it is dangerous to speak of him to the " people."

Note 6, page 186, line 12.

They were the witnesses from age to age
Raised up.

Hartely observes, that " Philosophy is the art of *decyphering* the " mysteries of Nature." Descartes acknowledges (I quote from Dugald Stewart) " that the same effect might, upon the principles " of his philosophy, admit of manifold explanations; and that nothing " perplexed him more than to know which he ought to adopt, in " preference to the others. The powers of nature (says he) I must " confess, are so ample, that no sooner do I observe any particular " effect, than I immediately perceive that it may be deduced from " *my* principles, in a variety of different ways; and nothing, in " general, appears to me more difficult, than to ascertain by which of " these processes it is really produced." The " divine idea" of Fichte, which is just now gaining ground in Germany, is merely a compound from Plato. According to Fichte, a " divine idea" pervades the visible universe, which is but its symbol, and sensible manifestation, having in itself no meaning, or even true existence independant of it. To the mass of men this " divine idea" is hidden: yet to discern it, seize it, live wholly on it, is the condition of all genuine virtue, knowledge, freedom; and the end therefore of all spiritual effort in every age. Thoughtful men are the perpetual *priesthood* and *interpreters* of this " divine idea," standing forth generation after generation, as the dispensers and living types of God's everlasting wisdom, to show it, and embody it in their writings, in such particular form as their own particular times require it. Each age, by the law of its nature, is different from every other age, and demands a different representation of the " divine idea," the essence of which is the same in all.

Note 7, page 186, line 16.

——— how pure, and high, and perfect the rule
Of right meted out for weak humanity!

For instance, the first from Democritus, the Atomic philosopher, "Do nothing shameful, though you are alone: *revere* "*yourself* more than all other men!" I know of no human maxim more morally sublime than this. I will cite the following which occur to me; the first from Pythagoras: "Virtue only can "give freedom, as no man *can* be free who has not the perfect com- "mand of himself." From Epicurus, "We ought to accustom our- "selves to be satisfied with a little; it is the greatest wealth that can "ever be acquired." And lastly from Zoroaster, quoted also, as I have seen it somewhere in Voltaire. "In the doubt whether an "action be good or bad, abstain from it."

Note 8, page 187, line 2.

O let us dream it, life beyond the grave.

What causes of reflection are opened to us when we remember that, of those exalted beings who have pushed unassisted reason and experience as far as they can go, (for the range and boundaries of mind are eternally the same—from the simple to the compound, and then from the compound to the simple) scarcely one of them *believed* in the soul's immortality, though they might *hope* it, and none in its resurrection. Pherecydes (Cicero says) was the first who held the soul's immortality: from *whom* did he learn it? Not from the Egyptians certainly, for if their everlasting pyramids and brainless mummies prove anything, they prove, that they preferred an unconscious existence in the form of hideous carcases to utter dissolution.* Their kings sought to live for ever in tombs which

* They believed, that as long as the body endured, the living principle

should mock all time. The Oriental nations built for barbaric splendour, the Greeks from their innate feeling of grace and elegance, and the Romans, from a conqueror's pride; but the old Egyptians looked beyond all this—they built for eternity. Pythagoras admitted the doctrine of an hereafter, only for the uninitiated: to his own followers he might have held the immortality of the soul, in the same sense which Plato did after him—namely, as a part of the Soul of the World, which, being Deity, necessarily followed was a portion of it, to return to it again. From hence, the system of the immortality of the soul, which arose from the eternity of the universe, and from hence, likewise, his doctrine of Metempsychosis, or the passage of the vital principle from one body to another, which idea was doubtlessly suggested by the real transmigration of the material elements. The Platonic school, who held the soul immortal, could not nevertheless *conceive* the idea, because Soul was a portion of divinity, which, after death, it returned to rejoin. Aristotle expressly affirms, "man has neither good or "evil to fear after death." Zeno, and the whole race of Stoics, held it to be a spark of that divine fire animating all, finite, and to be quenched like fire, add to these, Democritus, Epicurus, and Heraclitus, with their host of proselytes. The celebrated Pythagorean Philolaus, preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus, says, "Μαρτυρεονται δε και οι παλαιοι θεολογοι τε και μαντεις, ως δια τινας

would continue in it, as an attendant or guardian, and, as it were, unwilling to leave her former habitation. "And they call our houses, inns, "as a place where we cannot long remain, and the sepulchres of the dead "everlasting habitations, because the abiding in hell is infinite. Where- "fore they condemn the great curiosity in building houses, and place all "their care on the magnificenee of sepulchres."—Ex. Diod.—The Greek word ἀΐδης, or as Homer has it αϊδης, signifies obscure, hidden, i. e. buried. The English word *hell* has primarily the same signification. In some provincial parts, to *hele* over a thing is to cover it. Is not the verb to hide, a derivation from Homer's αϊδης?

τιμωριας, α ψυχα τω σωματι συνεζευχθαι, και καθαπερ εν σωματι τουτω τεθαπθαι."—*Stromat. lib.* 3,—"The ancient theologists and "priests also testify that the soul is united with body for the sake "of suffering punishment; and that it is buried in body as in a "sepulchre." As for Plotinus, he really expressed himself *ashamed* that his soul *was* in his body; hence he would neither tell his race, or the parents from whence he came, or even what country he was born in. Empedocles has a line ascribed to him on his own, which is at least beautiful, "Heaven's exile straying from its orb of light." Carneades feared death dreadfully, and frequently lamented that the same nature which had composed the human frame, could dissolve it. Theoprastus complained of its shortness: that nature had given long life to stags and crows, to whom it is of so little value, and denied it to man who might have thus attained the summit of science, but now, as he arrives within sight, is taken away. Cicero, pleading for Cluentius, says before the whole senate, "What does "he lose by death? We reject all the silly fables about the infernal "region. What, then, can death take from him? Nothing but the "susceptibility of sorrow." The following lines must have been often applauded by forty thousand Roman spectators.

Tænara et aspero
Regnum sub domino, limen et obsidens
Custos non facili Cerberus ostio
Rumores vacui, verbaque inania
Et par solicito fabula somnio.—TROAD.

And Seneca, and Lucretius, and Horace, have numerous apposite passages. Lastly, the inspired Moses, who was "learned in all "the learning of the Egyptians," exclaims, "In the sweat of thy face "shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground; for out of "it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou "return." The same occurs in Ecclesiasticus, still more forcibly expressed. "Man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is

" vanity, all go unto one place, all are of dust and return to dust " again. Wherefore I see nothing better than man should rejoice in " his works; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see " what shall be after him."* Again: " God shows that man is like to " the beasts; for men die like beasts; their condition is equal: as " man dies, so also dies the beast. They breathe alike. There is " nothing in man more than in the beast."† Had the great Jewish Lawgiver formally announced the soul's immortal nature, and doctrine of future rewards and punishments, the Sadducees would not, for an instant, have been tolerated among so zealous a people, much less have filled, as they did, the highest offices, and have pontiffs chosen from their body. And surely no lawgiver, knowing such a doctrine, would reject it, because he could not avoid feeling, whatever his own opinion might be, that it was the best of all others for keeping the passions of men under the strongest control. How weak, and unjust, and inefficacious, in comparison—" that the sins " of the fathers should be visited on the children:" and that " to " the third and fourth generation."

In quitting this note, which might be swelled into a volume, one cannot avoid feeling what immense advantages the Christian's revelation affords him, in the certainty of immortality and future bliss which his faith unfolds to him. The ancients had only the light of reason, it led them indeed to the extremest verge of reality —but could unfold nothing to them of the hopeless darkness beyond it.

Note 9, page 187, line 8.

We have not
Met them by power of unassisted thought.

In metaphysics, as in morals, the ancients have said all that can be said and be discovered, by the limited human mind; and in

* Eccles. iii, 18. † Eccles. xviii, 19.

physics also, unscientific as they were, they made the most important discoveries. The profound and scholastic Bayle has said that the sublimest moral as well as physical conceptions which we admire among the moderns, are to be found in the ancient philosophers. Let us review a few of their chief tenets. Cicero tells us, in his Academical Questions, that Nicetas, a Syracusian, had taught that the earth turns round on its axis, which made the whole heavens appear to a spectator on the earth to turn round it daily. Plutarch assures us, that Philolaus, the Pythagean, had taught that the earth moved annually round the sun. These were the men from whom Copernicus drew his system and his fame;* the sphericity of the earth was known by all the ancient geometricians. Anexagoras maintained that there was no void in nature; that everything was full, and every particle of matter, however small it might appear, capable of infinite division; he acknowledged One God, and was himself distinguished by the epithet of MIND. Epicurus saw what Descartes denied, and what Newton proved—that motion cannot exist without a vacuum. The doctrine of the senses being our only inlets to knowledge, is as old as Pythagoras, as likewise that death and life are produced by combination and separation. Plato says, that, (according to tradition) "the living were born of "the dead, the same as the dead did come from the living; and that "this is the constant routine of nature." He adds from himself, "who knows, if to live, be not to die; and if to die, be not to live?" He regarded material visible things as *unreal*, and *ideas*, ὄντως ὄντα, as the only permanent substances. I need scarcely add that this finest stretch of metaphysical acumen forms the basis of everything which has since been said or dreamed, down to Hartely, Berkeley and Hume; but a much more singular fact is, that vestiges of this doctrine exist in the *Hindu* belief. Sir W. Jones tells us, that the Védánti school assert, "that existence and perceptibility are contro-

* Maclaurin's Account of Newton's Discoveries, p. 45.

" vertible terms, that *external appearances* and *sensations* are illusory, " and would vanish into nothing, if the divine energy which alone " sustains them, were suspended for a moment." But Plato was not the only one who could think so finely, yet intelligibly. Democritus and Carneades taught also, that our *perception* is produced by εἴδωλα, or images, which flow from bodies according to their figure and strike or vibrate on the organs of sense; and Zeno, and his school, likewise taught how external impressions are made on the mind, as on a blank leaf, and retained by memory. In short, after running through this mass of fact, one feels the old trite truth, that " there is nothing new under the sun." From the first infancy of knowledge, down to the present hour, men have gone on compounding, and refining, and improving on each others thoughts, having the same faculties, and receiving the same impressions which were told or recorded to them. How the human mind *first* formed its language, and embodied forth its ideas, who shall tell? The source of the fountain of knowledge is hidden. There must have been many fine poets anterior to Homer, and sages before Pythagoras or Zoroaster. They are, as it were, the horizon boundaries to our mind's eye; but who shall tell us what prospects might have opened beyond them? from what *materiel* they built up their own vast minds? For surely the *general* mind must have been made familiar with innumerable songs before the Iliad and Odyssey could spring at once from a particular one. To suppose otherwise, were to suppose Milton could have started up and written Paradise Lost, among the woods of the Druids. Our modern philosophers still go on speculating on the same eternal subjects which employed theirs; and which *they* built up from their past, even as the future shall from our present—so is the chain of thought kept up and strengthfrom age to age by memory and experience, until its extinction altogether, if ever that can take place. And what has it taught us? that everything, the visible and the invisible are alike unknown, and enveloped in a veil as dark as ever. And what does

this *prove* (if, indeed, anything can be said to be proved) but that such pursuits are efforts, forced and unnatural, and, as such, abandoned by the mass, and the gratification from them withheld, even to those who pursue them, from the inner consciousness of their uncertainty. Like the Eden-tree, which was *perhaps* a type of knowledge, it is forbidden, but we *will* pluck if only for pride's sake, and we have our reward according to our different states of digestion. As the various fountains rise in their inaccessible heights, and widening and deepening as they descend, are checked and obstructed, though swerved not from their course, by envy and malice, yet find at last the great ocean of life, so are the many systems of philosophers born and nursed in silence and solitude, but given at last to the world, on whose general action they make not the slightest impression, indeed by the immense aggregate of which they are never heard or known. Mankind in all ages and nations are very nearly the same; nature imposes on all her moral laws, the obligations of self-love, and the sense of right and wrong, which, if not innate, is proved to all by experience. Self-love makes man alike cautious, and fond of his own existence, and naturally disinclined to injure or take away that of others. I say naturally, because unless impelled by violent passion, or *driven* into war and slaughter, men are naturally fonder of rest, and indulging the gratification of their senses, both which modes of existence are wholly opposed either to abstracted speculations, or scenes of toil, and blood, and violence.

The nations of antiquity universally believed in one Supreme Deity. I cannot conceive the first religion to have been Polytheism: it seems impossible that men should have said, at first, there are *two* powers. We always begin with the simple. There seems a law innate in our nature to strive after the greatest unity. Man unites all the phenomena of his mind, and refers them to one point—*soul:* he unites all the phenomena of the visible world, and calls them *matter*. On the wings, as it were, of these, he elevates his

conception to the highest unity—an eternal First Cause. Such was the Knef of the Egyptians; the Adonai of the Syrians; the Melch or Moloch of the Scythians; the Zeus of the Greeks; and the Deus Optimus of the Romans. But as strong passions seemed to hurry man along in spite of himself, and urge him into evil, these he deified, as if to propitiate, and from the fear of offending them. Thus the powers of nature, and passions of the human mind, became deities: poets made them fascinating or terrific; statuaries embodied them; the priest decorated and gave them avenging qualities, to be propitiated only by presents; and the people adored them at last in good earnest, thus justifying their own cruelties and passions by their favourite deities. But this monstrous masquerade of gods could not endure: Time unveiled their absurdity, as it does all others, sooner or later. The Egyptian priests secretly taught the One and ineffable God, and the sages of Greece repaired to them as children. The minor deities were soon ridiculed on the stage, even as their own Jupiter was by the higher classes in the Eleusinian Mysteries, who were bound by the most solemn oaths to secresy, much the same as our *free*-masons are now, and probably exciting as little interest or curiosity in the unitiated,—I can answer at least for myself. But the philosophers, who stood apart from the rest,—whose lives were one search after truth,—did they all acknowledge the one, eternal Deity, *entirely* detached from matter? Certainly not. There were many, and some among the most illustrious, who admitting God, as they all did, could not detach him from matter, objecting, that a scheme which added only one link to the chain, by taking the attribute of eternity from the world, and giving it to the Creator, was of little value. Such is the weakness and power of the human mind!—Among these philosophers are the names of Pythagoras, Democritus, Epicurus, Leucippus, Strato, Heraclitus, and very many others; among whom I do not hesitate to class Aristotle. But their opinions were carefully concealed from the vulgar; the fate of Socrates was a warning to all. As for the

Romans, they eventually took everything from the Greeks: there is no finer, or more explicit avowal of the One God than in Lucan:—

" Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aër,
" Et cœlum, et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
" Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris."

Lucan is no Virgil, and yet Virgil has nothing in all his works equal to those lines. The eternity of matter, as a whole, was held universally; in this, all ancient philosophers agreed. Their cosmogonies were, no doubt, like our own, a mixture of ingenuity and absurdity, as such must ever be, when we aim at discoveries placed beyond our faculties, forgetting that our condition here is to be humble and ignorant.

Note 10, page 188, line 5.

They found Thee in the world, great moving Soul!

Pythagoras conceived Deity to be the soul of the world, a subtle fire, eternal and intelligent, animating and informing the earth, as the soul does the human body; that matter is eternal; that all is produced by combination and separation; that the soul, being an emanation of the first principle, is immortal likewise, enduring on through endless forms and changes. The idea of metempsychosis is the most ancient dogma of the known world: and still prevails in India and China.

Note 11, page 188, line 9.

A self-directing, pure Activity.

The *entelachia* of Aristotle, the fundamental idea of all his metaphysics and philosophy. He maintains, in his book on heaven, that the world is eternal, and admits a first mover, one, eternal, im-

movable, indivisible, without qualities.* He makes him the cause of all motion; but in supposing the universe eternal, he divests him of the glory of creation, and connects him with a world already formed by necessity; thus making him the first movement, as it were, of some vast machine.

Note 12, page 188, line 12.

A Fire
Ethereal, kindling life which we respire.

Zeno and the stoics conceived the mind of man to be a spark of that divine fire which is the origin and soul of the world,—that eternal *Reason*, by which all nature is animated, and which, by its *productive* power, communicates essential qualities to everything that exists, impressed the forms, qualities, and powers of man, upon certain portions of matter. The soul of man, being a portion of Deity, is then of the same nature: a subtle fiery substance, endued with intelligence and reason: but the energy of this principle is confined and restrained in the birth of man, by its union with grosser matter. The present regular frame had a beginning, and will have an end, the parts tending to dissolution, though the whole eternal. I have stated the very intricate dogmas of the Stoics as explicitly as I can. Philo compares their deities to children, raising up piles of sand for the pleasure of beating them down. "I ask,"—says Velleius, De Nat. Deor. I. i. c. 9,—"why the architects of the "world, after having slept through innumerable ages, so suddenly "displayed their power; or why, in the fields of infinite space, "they desisted from their operations?"

* Book vii. chap. 12.

Note 12, page 188, line 20.

Or denied all in all—a phantasy
Lost in the atoms of vacuity.

Such were the conclusions of Democritus and Epicurus, chiefs of the atomic school. By denying Deity, I wish to observe that they made him entirely passive, residing in a delightful place, and who could not possibly be affected either by our good or bad actions, with which they could not any way interfere, without involving their own felicity. He maintained the eternity of atoms, but that the worlds which they are everywhere forming or separating from, are transitory. The soul is a subtle corporeal substance, composed of the finest atoms;—if not so, it could not act and suffer. There are in the universe divine natures; nature has impressed it on the mind of man, for where is the nation who have not, from an innate principle, had a natural pre-conception of Deity? Democritus taught nothing can be produced from that which has no existence—or can any existing thing be annihilated. The first principles of all things are two, atoms and vacuum: that worlds were formed from them, each of which perishes at certain periods, while another is composed from its ruins; that the soul is diffused through every part of the body; and he accounts for our having sensations in all these parts, by supposing every atom in the soul corresponds with a similar atom in the body. Let it, however, be remembered, that both these men led the purest lives, and left the finest precepts of any of antiquity. "Epicurus," says St Gregory, "defines the "object of human existence to be enjoyment; but lest any one "might imagine that it could be sensual pleasure which he meant, "he set an example in his own life of unimpeachable chastity and "unform temperance; confirming the sincerity of his precepts by "the purity of his practice." The doctrine of atoms and vacuum has been embraced, to a certain extent, by the most eminent moderns: Huygens applies it to explain gravitation; and Newton, in his theory of natural philosophy.

Note 13, page 189, line 1.

Or God apart, sole, pure, ineffable!

Plato has, of all the philosophers of antiquity, created the greatest reverence and admiration, down to the present day. And deservedly so, for his moral and speculative works, though, in detail, frequently fanciful and contradictory, yet are in their leading principles always clear and perceptible. There are portions which no commentators have yet, or ever will explain, and which, judging by the clearness and sublimity of others, one would imagine foisted in by inferior hands. Consequently, no two commentators have ever exactly agreed in their analysis of him: the following must necessarily be a very brief abstract; for I am not to forget that I am writing a note, and not a commentary. According to Plutarch, Plato acknowledged three first principles,—God, Matter, Idea. God, as the Universal Intelligence, shown in the visible world: and from its unity, One: the unseen Original of whom, all material beauty is the type. Matter, as the source or foundation of generation and corruption; and Idea, as an *incorporeal substance* resident in the Divine Mind. He acknowledged the world to be the work of a Creator; but he did not by the term *creation*, mean what is generally understood by the word. He supposed that God had formed the world from matter which had existed from eternity; the Creator of a world, only so far as he had broken up a chaotic mass, and given shape to what was inactive matter. He speaks of Earth as neither made or produced, but as presenting itself before the great Artificer to receive form and arrangement; and nothing can be more poetically grand or sublime than the image. The visible forms of sensible objects which should awaken contemplation in us, are, or were, ideas, or real beings, ὄντως ὄντα, existing in the Divine Reason, as his archetypes, and flowing from thence to give forms to material objects.

Note 14, page 189, line 2.

Ocean of bliss and glory.

" Divinity is a boundless ocean of bliss and glory; human minds " are smaller streams, which arising at first from this ocean, seek " still amidst their wanderings, to lose themselves in that immensity of perfection."—*The Platonist.*

Note 15, page 189, line 10.

—— *and soul*
Was sent down from the stars.

We were sunk from the stars to earth, to dwell as in a prison: hence our origin of misery and depravity. It is only by rising above animal passions and from sensible objects, to the world of intelligence, the soul can be prepared to return to its original habitation.

Note 16, page 189, line 15.

—— *it receives*
Through its dim visual casement, rays.

Whenever, in the sensible world, we perceive anything which bears a resemblance to the Godhead, which can serve as a symbol of perfection, the old recollections of the soul are awakened and refreshed. The love of the beautiful fills the soul with an awe and reverence which is not inspired by its mere sensible manifestation, but from that Divine Original of which it is the type.

And here, in taking leave of Plato, one cannot avoid expressing the hope that *his* doctrine of ideas and mind may again supersede that of Locke. In Germany, Fichte and Schelling, and others, have set an example, feeling that the philosophy of Locke, rightly studied, annihilates all the higher feelings, and leads to that unlimited scepticism which Hume and Berkeley have so unanswerably deduced from

it. Admit once, that *all* our ideas are derived from sensation and reflection, and we are forced to deny, with Hume, the existence of necessary connexion, cause and effect, that is, all order. We can have no sensation of space or time, substance or Deity—we can, in brief, only believe in the existence of ideas, and those only, while they are presant. If still further consistent, we must deny our own existence, as being anything different from a sensation or impression, for none of our senses tell us of the nature of the perceiving being, that is, a revelation of the reason. No one can believe in Locke without denying the existence of mind and matter, religion and a God. According to Locke, ideas are formed from sensible particulars, by a kind of mechanical operation, so that truth is born from sensation, nay, entirely dependant on it for existence. According to Plato, ideas are eternal and immaterial beings, the *originals* of all sensible forms, and the fountains of all evidence and truth; so that with him, truth ranks among the *first*, and not in the last of things; and would still retain its nature, though the material senses were no more. According to Locke, the soul is a *rasa tabula*—an empty recipient—a mechanical blank. According to Plato, she is an ever-written tablet, a plenitude of forms, a vital and intellectual energy. On the former system, she is on a level with brute natures, the mere receptacle of material species, and the beholder of delusion and non-entity. Her energies are dreary perceptions, and encumbered cogitations, for all her knowledge terminates in sense. On the latter system, the soul is the connecting medium of an intelligible and sensible nature, the pure repository of all middle forms, the vigilant eye of all cogitative reasons, derived from, and finally returning to Deity. Simple matter-of-fact, truths, which may be discovered by any who will take the trouble to look for them, are not to be overthrown; and I would seriously ask (the divines particularly) which philosophy is most conducive to the interests of Christianity—that which sees all things in sense, or (quoting old Malebranche) that which "sees all things in God."

Note 17, page 190, line 9,

Shall read, or dream it reads, in them a meaning.

I cannot resist quoting the following lines, which I saw in the Edinburgh Review, No. 92; they are worth half the poetry of the day.—"In any point of Space, in any section of Time, let "there be a living man, and there is an Infinitude above and "beneath him, and an Eternity encompasses him on this side and "that; and tones of Sphere-music, and tidings from loftier worlds, "will flit around him if he can but listen, and visit him with holy "influences, even in the thickest press of trivialities, or the din of "busiest life."

Note 18, page 197, line 2,

And damn the weak to everlasting fires!

I have never been able to conceive what pleasure, or what end, human beings, with (I suppose) human feelings, can take, in out-heroding Herod by their description of that Judgment-day, which was supposed as *immediate* in St Paul's time, as by Irving now, and as it will be perhaps four thousand years hence, so little *can* we know about the matter. Does it make men better or happier? Surely not—there is *more*—and at the same time, *less* religion in England, than in any other country of the world. We judge how the sacred tree is watered by its fruit: do we not daily see the melancholy consequences of religious fears clouding and depressing the purest minds? and finally, driving them from all cheerful society to austere solitude, and pining melancholy and despair; and, how often, to suicide? or, wrapt apart from all earthly desires, and feelings, and passions, fixing their minds so intently on another life, that they are entirely unfitted for the duties of this? and their hearts become crusted in uncharitableness towards all, from the firm persuasion of their being lost? Who cannot, in the course of his life, record hundreds of similar instances? I remember myself,

at the age of sixteen, being so fully impressed with the idea of being eternally damned, that I took my Prayer-book and Companion to the Altar always about my person, and into the fields. But on the lower orders, this has an infinitely worse effect: they are told their very *thoughts* are to be accounted for; when daily then giving way to those failings, which are incident to their nature, what hope can *they* have? The fear impressed so early in them is hardened into despair, and they revel, as it were, in crime, from their hopelessness of anything beyond it. Now would it not be infinitely better to dwell always on that hope, and mercy, and charity, the very essence of which *is* Christianity, than appal them with only its ideal terrors? What does its Divine Author say—"Come unto me all ye who are heavily laden"—but a truce to existing evils, which, like all other things, will have their way. Our poets, in all ages, have made excellent account of it. I must quote a line or two from Young:—

"Now charnels rattle, scattered limbs, and all
"The various bones, obsequious to the call,
"Self-moved, advance; the neck, perhaps, to meet
"The distant head! the distant legs, the feet!
"*Dreadful to view*, see through the dusky sky
"*Fragments* of *bodies* in *confusion fly!*

"Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell *
"Of hell, where torments *behind* torments dwell;

* This puts me in mind of poor Milman, struggling for once to say *something* out of the common:—

"Wake hell! lift up thy gates; and ye that tenant
"The deepest, darkest, *most infuriate* pit,
"The *abyss of all abysses, blackest blackness!*"

And this, as has been well observed, reminds one of the *undefinableness* of

" A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
" O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
" Expands its jaws, *most draadful* to survey,
" And *roars outrageous* for the destined prey:
" The sons of light *scarce unappalled* look down,
" And *nearer press* heaven's everlasting throne."

I cannot withhold his modest request:—

" Grant at least
" This one, this *slender, almost no request!*
" When I have wept a thousand lives away,
" When Torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have *raved ten thousand years in fire!*
" *Ten thousand thousands, letme then expire!*"

Lastly—

" Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
" *Concludes* the hopes and fears of human race,
" Proceed who dares!"

Now, all being concluded by him, nobody ever *did* dare, until in the year 1828, 'The Omnipresence of the Deity" made its appearance, the author of which poem, taking his ground-work from Young, and Boyce,* and the Bible, worked up from the trio

danger, and obscurity of threat, *hinted* at more than expressed, in the famous couplet:—

" Whoever *dares* these *boots* displace,
" Shall *meet* BOMBASTES *face to face!*"

* This name is little known, and yet I can quote (from memory) such lines as the following, from his poem on 'Deity'—

such a picture, that all nervous and religious people positively thought it a duty as incumbent on them to purchase as their Prayer-book, and hence its sale and reputation, on which the author may be congratulated. With regard to the poem itself, it struck me, as a collection of apposite quotations, principally from the Bible, which are perhaps as well said there, and a conclusion—which was quite conclusive for its sale.* The author, however, in his advertisements of the day, seemed to hold a very different opinion—" In every page we find," says he, " Thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The author *appears* to have

" First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
" Sole light of heaven! acknowledged life of earth!
" Whose word from nothing called this beauteous whole,
" This wide-expanded All from pole to pole!
" Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee,
" Or fix the era of eternity?

——" the spring of life and thought!
" Eternal, self-derived, and unbegot!
" Approach, thou heavenly Muse, the empyreal throne,
" And awfully adore the exalted One!
" In nature pure, in place supremely free,
" And happy in essential unity!"

* I remember, among a collection of melo-drame Judgment horrors, such lines as the following, quoted (I hope not by the author himself) in a periodical, and with particular applause :—

" Millions of eyes, with one *deep dreadful stare*,
" Gaze upward through the burning realms of air,
" While *shapes*, and *shrouds*, and *ghastly features gleam*
" Like *lurid snow-flakes* in the moonlight beam!
" Creation *shudders* with *sublime dismay?*
" And in a *blazing tempest whirls away!*"

" felt that he stood in the presence of Him whose greatness he " was celebrating—to Him he prayed for inspiration—from Him " he has received it! * The author has since added a ' Vision of Hell,' in which Vision (I am told) he actually *saw* Lord Byron in the flames singing psalms—*risum teneatis?*

* And yet I scarcely know why this should have been laughed at—the author was evidently struggling to *get on*—no matter how; and after all, (putting, of course, all philosophy out of the question) the inspiration is ascribed as not coming *from* himself. Witness, par contrast, the blind and disgusting egotism Southey once wrote *on* himself:—

" Thou whom rich Nature at *thy happy birth*
" Blest in her bounty with the *largest dower*
" That *Heaven* indulges to a child of earth!"

In venturing these free remarks, I beg leave to disclaim any idea of ungenerous or unkindly personal feeling: I only war generally, as I shall ever do, against cant and nonsense.

SEA-SIDE REVERIE.

Old hoary Ocean! I have stood in the night,
And watched thee darkly heaving in the gloom
Like the shroud of Futurity, or tomb:
Or that abyss which opened to the sight
Of Satan, when the portals of hell-gate
Were touched by Sin's key, but thrown open by Fate;*
And the wild waste expanded to their view†.

* She opened, but to shut
Excelled her power.—*Paradise Lost.*

† Milton is never more sublime than when hovering on the boundaries of fancy and reality, the "flammantia mænia mundi." He appears to put forth *all* his strength in striving to shape forth to us, or rather leaving *us* to shape, the unimaginable wonders in the space beyond,

"The womb of nature, and perhaps—her *grave!*"

In the following passages who cannot perceive his mighty mind tasking the utmost powers of language to express the awfulness and fearful grandeur of its conceptions?—

Of storms, and chaos, and chance, and endless wars.
And ever anon with a thunder fit
Thou send'st, like the angels from the bottomless pit,

> "——————— the gates *wide open* stood,
> That with *extended* wings a bannered host,
> Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
> With horse and chariots *ranked in loose* array;
> *So wide* they stood, and like a furnace mouth
> Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
> Before their eyes in sudden view appear
> The *secrets* of the hoary deep; a *dark*
> *Illimitable ocean,* without bound,
> Without dimension;
> Where time and place are lost; where eldest night
> And chaos, *ancestors of nature,* hold
> Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
> Of endless wars, and by confusion stand."

And again:

> "Who shall tempt with *wandering* feet
> The *dark unbottomed infinite abyss!*
> And through the *palpable obscure* find out
> His uncouth way, or spread his *airy* flight,
> *Upborne* with indefatigable wings
> Over the *vast abrupt!* the *void profound*
> Of *unessential* night."

What language and conceptions are here—and what things of "shreds and patches" do almost all poems appear after them! How are we to estimate Martin who has *dared* to embody all the finest conceptions of Paradise Lost, and who—the world owns it—has *succeeded?*

Thy many voices to the unanswering stars!
No other sound the stillness then broke through,
The solemn quiet of that awful hour,
When ancient Night and Silence hold their power.
What wayward fancies then will thought beguile!
Before my mind's eye rose Calypso's isle:
And old Ulysses stood by the sea-cliff;
His eyes turned tearful towards his home:* his skiff,
The toil of many an anxious hour, now done,
And his fearful pilgrimage to be begun!
Low bowed the godlike man to the barren sea,
And stretched his hands forth to it, as if he
Resigned himself to its high will! his own
Fixed, though the perils before him all unknown.
He stepped in it—and floated from the earth!
An atom on the world of waves, impelled
To seek again the beings so long withheld
From his yearning heart, which sunk in apathy
Of passionless life, would mix with its own birth,
And join again long-lost humanity,

* Πόντον ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον δερκέσκετο, δάκρυα λείβων.
Odyss. lib. v, l. 157.

And share ennobling sorrows! What a grand
Majesty sate on him in that frail boat!*
No need of any external aid remote;
No king could show o'er self more high command!
His eye was fixed upon the polar star,

* Nothing can be more simple than the mere circumstance of Ulysses putting off in his boat. But when the stars of heaven are named, and, as it were, embodied with him, and watching over him on the dark sea, where he is alone—a single solitary human being—and an intelligence is felt between them—the mere stated *circumstances* assume a character of the sublime without any collateral aid of language. Nothing proves more the genius of Homer than this—the power to draw from the simplest sources the grandest effects. I have taken advantage of some of these in the above poem, but recall the original passage to the scholar, as a substitute for my own.

"Αυταρ ὁ πηδαλίῳ ἰθυνετο τεχνηεντως,
"Ημενος. ὐδε οἱ υπνος επι βλεφαροισιν επιπτε,
Πληιαδας τ' εσορωντι, καὶ οψε δυοντα Βοωτην,
Αρκτον θ', ἣν καὶ αμαξαν επικλησιν καλεεσσιν,
'Η τ' αυτα στρεφεται, καὶ τ' Ωριωνα δοκευει.
Οιη δ' αμμορος εστι λοετρων Ωκεανοιο."—*Odyss.* lib. v. l. 270.

"Placed at the helm he sate, and marked the skies,
"Nor closed in sleep his ever watchful eyes.
"There viewed the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
"And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
"To which, around the axle of the sky,
"The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye."—Pope.

Which through the darkness looked on him from far:
His sole companion, and his guide; the shrine
From which he gathered strength, and hope divine,
And purity, and most unshaken will,
The end of his high destiny to fulfil,
Though it might be in shipwreck and in storm.
Calm, and sedate, he looked the embodied form
Of Virtue, fleeing the realm of sense:
Strong in the nerve of holier innocence!

THE NAID.

It was a vale most rich in shadow; winding
Like the bright stream which threaded it through trees
Thick clustering, or at intervals revealing
Through their dim vistas glimpses of bright haunts
More lovely from their distance; shutting out
All, save delicious airs which bore on wings
Odours of hidden flowers. Sun and shade
Stole over it by turns like changing dreams:
Now brightening spots steeped in most living hues,
Now throwing deeper softness over that
Which lay before so witchingly in quiet!
Far off, remote on the horizon's verge,
Rose the blue hills girding the azure sky,
Leaving the vale in commune with its heaven.
It was a spot such as the mind shapes forth

When revelling in dreams of old romance;
Or picturing those haunts of leafy shadow
Where the daughters of the earth might slumber, when
The angels left their heaven to kneel to them.

This is the Naid's haunt: and lo! beside
The root of that grey tree, o'ercanopying
With its woven branch the stream, and veiling it
In slumber and in coolness from the sun,
She stands half leaning, eyeing the dark water,
As moveless as the form the sculptor hath
Embodied into life, image of his
Idolatry he hath not seen—not so,
For wherefore turns he from the living so coldly?
But that they break in harshly on the dream,
The vision that lived upon his tranced eye,
Which he feeds on in solitude, there drooping
Over the unapproved work of his hands.
It is the form of innate beauty in him
That exists everywhere, common as life,
Felt though unseen; we know that it exists
From the consciousness and recognition we
Own when we see aught bear its visible impress,

Though revealed to us all dimly as the light
Of a veiled star. What marvel *he* is baffled,
For how can hand of clay embody aught
Of spiritual feeling chiselled from crude mould?
The limner may pour forth his soul in hues
Life-like, that are deep feelings, and thrill through us
The sense of rapture or of pain; the bard
May rouse the slumbering thought to create grand forms
On the mind's eye, though fleeting, vague, and shadowy;
But how may cold, carved, colourless, sightless marble,
Give back the life, love, beauty, *soul* of woman?

She stood by the extreme brink of that blue stream:
The image of herself so standing was
Reflected to the lightest hair escaped
From the braid of her redundant tresses, parting
Over her glossy shoulders, tangling down
Her neck and bosom. She looked on the water,
And saw her visible self returned: the same
In hue and stature, and each rounded limb
Swelling with breathing life—and yet a shadow!

The sky looked in behind her, and they were
Alone together! What were then her thoughts?
For her eye is lighted up, and a faint smile
Is on her parting lips: and then a shade
Stole over them but slight, so slight, as scarce
Perceptible. Perchance she saw and felt
How beautiful she was; that she stood there,
The form all would resemble, the embodied
Being all dream of, sighing to possess.
That consciousness gave light to her dark eye,
And the faint dimpling smile on her soft cheek;
And then, it may be, a shade of sadness, mindful
Of all she had heard of love, yet loving none:
For she had seen none like herself:—a leaf
Fell lightly down by her and startled away
The half-formed rising sigh!
She looked around—
But who e'er yet profaned that sanctuary?
She was there as alone as is the star
In the solitudes of heaven! To her hair
She raised her slender fingers, and unloosing
The silk knot, down it fell, even to her knees,
In rich profusion, like the ripened tendrils

Of the purple glowing vine. Then, bending graceful,
She drew the golden sandal from her foot,
And stept upon the green moss among flowers,
As pale and azure as their veins! The zone
She unclasped, and her white robes fell from her,
As lightly as the silver shading flakes
From the front of the orbed moon! And she stood there
In all the unveiled majesty of beauty:
A form shaped from the finest of earth's elements,
And breathing with a *soul* and life from heaven!
Else whence hath beauty the power on our hearts
Feeling a sense of its divinity?
And so throughout our being interfusing
A harmony created, not in us:
Why do we gaze in the heaven of woman's eyes,
And feel a yearning of the deep soul to
Mingle, and lose its being in them, as
The stream would mix its waters with the deep?
It is not only outward form, when gained,
Is the heart satisfied? Ah, no! its first
Gasped breath is a sigh, for what? for something which
Is lost, escaped beyond us, a charm fled,

A talisman that is broken by the touch;
Which mocked eluded sense most certain of
The treasure found; the flower is rifled, but
The invisible essence, the spirit that dwelt within,
Is evaporated in vacuity!
Our earliest dreams of beauty are from her,
Their archetype: she is love's visible image,
And when man kneels, 'tis not idolatry,
For she is fairest purest symbol of Him
Who made her and the world around in love,
The source of all our gentler feelings whence
They are drawn, that humanize us from the brutes.
The only prop (weak though she be) who stands
Firmest in sickness, and sorrow, yea, in guilt,
When man, and all have left us, even our God.
But still *she* standeth by our couch like to
The Angel of Charity, or Mercy's self!
And smiles on, and doth close the dying eye,
And dead—becomes our living monument!
And if our feelings change towards her, and
Coldness, like a blight, comes over us, and withers
Slowly the love and passion once so warm,
It is our infirm nature's fault, not ours:

For what is being but a change of impulse
O'er which we have no power? but it burned *once*,
That feeling, pure and steadfast in our youth,
The loveliest, holiest, deepest, most enduring.

The Naid fadeth from my eyes—the waters
Floating and full, close silently around her!
Making themselves her azure veil through which
The lustrous whiteness of her beauty glows,
As the star trembling through the depths of ether!
There is a joy in bringing back again
Such visions, a grateful pleasure, yea, a pride:
For it makes us feel as though we might claim kin
With those divine old bards, who living in
Their lovely climes, where dell, and glade, and fountain,
Were haunts of nymph or god believed, and worshipped;
For wandering in imaginative dreams,
They beheld through dim and distant glades their forms
In shadow, half seen! and told us what they saw.
Their words are inspirations, and still link us
To them in the realm of fancy.

Golden Age

Of faith and imagination how refined!
When each of Nature's least forms were endowed
With beautiful and intelligible spirits,
Hallowing her haunts! and softening the human heart
With awe, and fear, and reverence for the whole!
When love, the Spirit, though multiform, was One;
And was felt and worshipped everywhere, and breathed
Divinity throughout that blessed region!
For then earth, as the human heart, was young:
And the hidden mysteries and revealments of
Nature were opened; for men's faculties
Were fresh from their creation and unstained.
That *was* the golden age for ever fled!
Yet glimpses are given us at times, as when
Gazing along the clouds of the set sun,
We weave bright images from the glory past,
On materiel as baseless as our visions.
Yet our hearts dwell on them with ardent longings,
And purest emanations of love towards them,
And sigh to mingle with them as though real.
We know while gazing that the bright creations
Are ours, but to believe them gives a joy,
The finest that we know; doth not its source

Rise from that feeling drawing us towards all
That is bodiless and undying? as if were
A spirit within us that is kin to such,
And hence the sorrow when they fade away
From closing vision—even as thou, fair Naid!
When melted from the eye of phantasy.

LONDON AT MIDNIGHT.

London! the latest pulse of thy vast heart
Is well nigh still: the blackness that hath hung
So long above thee in a shapeless mass,
Blinding the sight as with a palpable veil,
Methinks grows thinner, and becomes half visible,
As the faint shadow of the far-off light,
Marks the last ebbing tide of parted day,
That now is on the turn, and mingling with
The sea of darkness. And those iron tones,
That in the stilly hour of night are felt
Portioning sternly out our little life,
Tell that the morning is at hand. Methinks
I dimly see the pale towers through the gloom
Like the gigantic monuments of some world
Reduced to chaos, and hear Time telling from them
The pride and nothingness of human life.

How solemn is the City in the night!
A world of life around me, yet all motionless:
It sinks within the heart a warning *felt*,
Yea, almost *heard*, as if a prophet said—
" Now, while humanity lies quenched around thee,
" Feel thou the awfulness of single life!"
What a vast mass of feeling and of passion
Lie now like dead! surrendered to a sleep
Which they opposed or courted, and as vainly
As they shall death, or pain, or any circumstance,
Of which they are the waking slaves. What minds
Are now extinct, or borne on unresistingly
Without a helm in the vague sea of dreams,
The sport of wayward fancies, mocked and baffled
As by realities, if aught be real.
Men as opposed in faculty as earth
From heaven, are levelled now, and share alike
The sympathies of Nature, till pride wakes
And doth create again the measureless distance,
Which Death laughs at as he heaps their common dust!

Yet crime is waking still—crime never sleeps,
Or if it doth it is delirium,

A feverish trance from which it starts to plunge
Into fresh deeds, to escape the memory
Of the past, whose shadows haunt them restlessly.
And gnawing Jealousy,* it may be, wakes
Weaving her scheme for the morrow; or Despair
With a firm step, clenched teeth, and quivering lip,
Firm, from the very certainty of ruin!
Hurries with hasty step from the hell to suicide,
And with rash hand blasts the frail brain to atoms
That failed i' the chance of hazard! while perhaps
At the same moment his devoted wife
Who had watched her lamp through the long hours of night,
Sunk into sleep, despairing his return!

O thou all vast receptacle of life!
Thou throbbing heart of the world! to which pour in
The tides of existence from all parts, and then
Are sent to its remote extremities.
Thou mart! where all hurry to, as if life were

* "—— and jealousy with rankling touch
"That *inly gnaws* the *secret* heart!" GRAY.

Too brief to display all the petty ends
Of vanity or interest that drew thither;
Genius, and crime, and hope, and vice, and virtue,
Find here alike their nursery and their grave.
Thou cemetery of the dead of many ages!
Where so much life doth ever congregate,
And move and die; the very clay of thy streets,
The dust driven by the wind into thy corners,
Once lived, and moved, and walked about thy ways,
Even as they who are each moment joining them;
Beauty, and pride, and valour, and men whose minds
Could comprehend eternity. But this is trite,
For we know what we are, and what we shall be;
And if we at times forget it, lulled to sweet
Oblivion of self in our too much happiness,
(Who would not drown the melancholy truth?)
There come too surely hours of double weight,
When Nature makes us feel, and we own
Or mock her warnings, alike are hurried on,
And the same stern punishment awaits us all.

But looking on thee now, thou voiceless City!
My spirit is moved to think of higher things;

And rising on the wings of past and future,
Doth see and read much with a prophet's eye.
So flourished once old Babylon and Memphis,
Ay, and yet mightier cities who have left
Undying memories: what are they now?
The same inexorable fate hung o'er them
That delights in casting down again to earth
The works of pride, and humbling those who reared them.
In building them, the shadow of the storm
That should overwhelm was brooding in the distance:
The same destruction levelled all, in fire,
Earthquake, or seas of blood, none waiting time;
And then the owl kept watch upon their towers,*
And weeds grew in the palaces of kings.
And yet they had not worked, or knew one half
Of the mass of crime that is daily wrought in thee,
But much more of redeeming virtue, for
With each changing age man's seed declines;†

* The spider weaves the web in the palace of Cæsar!
The owl stands centinel upon the watch-tower of Afrasial!
From Ferdosi.

† Is this merely theoretical? Were half the diseases known in old time as now? The premises admitted, the inference is obvious.

And diseases, once unheard of, multiply,
Offspring of vice and luxuries then unknown;
And mind enervates with the body: how
Can stronger thoughts spring from a sicklier soil?
Unlike the city of old, who heard the voice
Of the prophet and wept, *thou* wouldst not listen though
The skies spoke warnings; thy pride is now too high,
And faith still deadens as experience grows,
Whose wand doth make things start up as they are.
That day is past: and man who is but heir
Of the memories and thoughts of ages gone,
Is now so raised, that nought can stoop his pride
Save the hand of his fellow-men, and such were ever
The instruments employed by the Destroyer.
Alas, thy fall is a necessity
As was thy rise—the hand that builds doth overthrow.
All the vast works of men are offsprings of
A necessary influence, taking the shape
Of pride, to leave that which shall speak of them:*

* How does this feeling of the transitoriness of our nature, so mortifying to our self-love, still manifest itself as ever, and in such opposite modes, in the conqueror, the sage, the patriot, and the poet! All live and act in the hope of living hereafter—*here*. Why

And the same impulse doth rouse jealousy
To overthrow and build up on their ruins:
The end the same in all—and all thus baffled.
And so shall they go on till the elements,
Which they but mirror, join, and make again
A wreck of the world. Thy hour will come, great city!
When not a stone of thy streets but shall be crumbled
To dust, and that dispersed by the winds: thy arts,
And luxuries, and science magnified
By time, shall flourish in now pathless solitudes,
Where shall stand splendid cities, whose fame shall
Spread through the world, while grey old Thames once more
Is lost amidst a marshy wilderness!

does the latter, for instance, waste his health and feelings on ideal objects? Is it to be pointed at by the crowd? But he shuns them, and mere *present* applause scarcely enters his thoughts, and never can satisfy them. The present is with him the beginning only of an indefinite future.

TO JOHN MARTIN.

Mighty prophet—seer sublime!
Hast thou reft the scroll from Time,
Where is graven by Destiny,
Records of ages long gone by?
All that hath been done on earth
Since the wizard hath had birth,
Of the vast and wonderful;
All the dark and hidden things,
That, beyond our imagings,
Have been wrought against the rule
Of nature: the revealments given
To the prophets old from heaven;
And the wrath that followed when
The nations heard not,—all again
Are called up by thy wild wand!
Till gazing, thought doth look beyond

The present, and though clouds o'ercast,
Reads the dim future by the past.

Why, what visions rapt and high
Have been opened to thine eye!
Earth in her giant mould thou hast seen,
When the mountains rose between
Heaven and her like altars grand,
Fresh from the Almighty's forming hand,
Ere the deluge o'er them rolled;
Round whose regal brows clouds fold
Themselves in incense, beckoning clay
To soar to heaven as free as they.
Thou hast seen the cities of kings
Such as mock imaginings:
Dome on circled dome piled high,
And built as for eternity!
And hast fixed that awful hour
Present, when in height of power
The word, the prophet warning came,
The viewless finger traced in flame!
And the pale king started up,
And dashed down the rubied cup
Glittering on the marbled floor:

And felt fear unknown before,
Which ev'n struggling pride avows;
While confront with solemn brows
Bent on him, the prophet raised
His hand to where that glory blazed!
And pointed where the words revealed
The scales were weighed—his doom was sealed!
Then, even then 'twas done—the shout
Drowned in the elements' rage without,
Swelled to madness, as the foe
Burst through the walls and crushed below
The flying myriads, trampled, slain,
Unarmed, betrayed, and warned in vain:
And the shrieks that rent the air,
And roar of ruins falling there,
And victors' wild cries rising o'er,
Told that an empire was no more.

Thou hast sate the car where he
Rode sublime in ecstacy;*
Hast stood upon the brink sublime,

* "Nor second he who rode sublime
"Upon the seraph wings of ecstacy." GRAY.

The flaming bound of space and time;*
And seen the mighty shapes, which he†
With his blind awful eyes could see,
Shadowing from the drear Abyss!
And the realms of light and bliss;
And the paradise of love,
Haunted by the blest above;
And the angels downward flying,
In hell's lurid darkness lying;
And the cloud-swathed earth and sun;
And the Almighty formless One
Rising o'er darkness downward hurled,
And calling light to wake the world!

Such, high painter! are thy themes:
Not vaguely given us like dreams,
Or words, which though breathed intense,
Leave but impresses on sense,
Fleeting, indistinct, and cold;
No, thy visions we behold!

* Flammantia menia mundi.
LUCRETIUS.

† Milton.

Pictures of old realities,
That live again before our eyes:
Creations of the forms which were!
That long vanished in thin air,
And painfully brought on the eye
By the dim aids of memory,
In their humanity again
Are renewed: their moments of pain
And agonies, and passions of life;
Time's fleeting moments—and the strife
Of the elements—and man's despair—
And signs of a Power beyond,
Felt, though unseen—thy mighty wand
Hath staid and fixed, arrested there!

What is the power that peoples thus
Thy canvass? the spell chaining us,
Captives to thy car confined?
The might—the magic of the mind!
There we stand and own its power:
Martin! 'tis but for an hour;
Such the bard's and limner's fame!
Those images to time must fade,

As day hues to evening's shade:
As in darkness dies the flame!
All the glorious imagings
Of thy mind when it made wings
For itself, when earth was found
For its flight too small a bound,
Shall decay, and pass like gleam,
Or fabrics of a mighty dream,
Fainter still remembered; and
Dust consume the master's hand!
What then shall be left of thee,
What leaves quenched mind? its *memory!*
The spirit that from its ashes flown,
Doth blend its being with our own:
As fire dying to the air;
Absorbed and hid, though viewless, there.
Thy works shall centre in thy *name*,
Which itself shall be thy fame;
Fixed as the star, when all are gone
The lesser lights midst which it shone.
As the rays of suns when set
Lighten o'er the memory yet:
As when a mighty melody

Pealing through some temple high,
With a grand wild sweep hath past!
While hearts, eyes are upward cast,
And each bosom rapt and fired,
To catch the ardours it inspired;
So thy spirit beyond control,
Shall come o'er the enthusiast's soul,
Fainting to express the thought
Which his burning mind hath wrought;
Till full of thee, the work begun
So coldly, is swept o'er—and done.
Long as Art treasures on her shrine
The embodied dreams of man from heaven:
Long as the vestal fire divine
Is to sublimest genius given,
Shalt thou with the glorious dead
Live—till memory's self be dead!

SONG.

I.

O NEVER forget how they perished
Beneath the vile hand of the slave!
How the young hopes of Freedom we cherished
Were buried with them in the grave.

II.

They died—but they left us their story,
Their bright path to emulate thus:
To happier ages their glory,
But hatred and vengeance with us!

III.

Then by the great deed they attempted,
By that God whom they called as they fell!
May our veins of their life-blood be emptied,
If we meet not the struggle as well!

IV.

We swear by our country's dishonour,
By *their* bones that unburied still lie,
To wash out the stain that is on her
With the blood of her tyrants, or die !

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

I.

FAREWELL the latest hope, farewell for ever,
To raise thee with the nations great and free:
Oh could our strength alone thy chains dissever,
How had we died all fearlessly for thee!

II.

Vain are thy minstrels crowned, thy warriors banded,
Be thy torn flag in lasting slumber furled:
Freedom hath fled, and left thy forehead branded
By Slavery stamped to mark thee from the world!

III.

Then fare thee well, my own land! still I love thee,
But while one pulse throbs of this swelling heart,
Never while tyrants wave their swords above thee,
Will I behold thee, fallen as thou art!

IV.

No—to some wild and distant land will I
Exiled from home weep o'er thy glories past;
And when the sun sets towards thy distant sky,
My heart shall turn and bless thee to the last.

SONG.

I.

WHERE when the freeman hath struck his last stroke,
And the land of his fathers is bowed to the yoke,
Is the last spot of refuge where chains cannot slave?
On that field where he conquered, his home is the grave!

II.

O then though the tyrant should build there his throne,
And look round a desert, and call it his own:
Though the voices of triumph be heard on the air,
He shall look on *that* grave and *feel* freedom is there!

PLEASURE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

I.

Light flitting butterfly!
Dancing on merrily,
Whither so heedlessly
On dost thou flee?
Waste not thy passing hour
Roving from flower to flower,
But in this rosy bower
Rest thee with me.

II.

O no! I flit along
Light as the lover's song:
All my life's joys are sprung
From liberty:
Thou wouldst but chain my wing,
And thy spell o'er me fling,
Making me in my spring
Weary like thee!

SONG.

I.

HARK! the fairy music ending,
Softly, softly
Fades o'er the sea:
With the distant waters blending,
Light as moonbeams there descending,
Light as fairy sounds may be!

II.

Now it steals along entrancing,
Nearer, nearer
The sweet notes stray:
Now like foam on wave-tops dancing,
Or young hopes on love's dream glancing,
It melts in air away—away!

STANZAS.

As in a vale some solitary flower
Fades and then dies, leaving for memory
Some odorous breathings, and a few light leaves,
Frail playthings of the wind! *Amiable Tastu.*

If I had seen thee, oh, my love,
My angel—part in peace;
If I had known thou didst but prove
Such pains as wait the soul's release:
If but one respite had been given
For reason's gleam, for love, though late;
One look, though not for *me*, but heaven,—
I should not feel thus desolate!

The agony had still been mine,
In seeing thee before me dying:
In watching each faint pulse decline,
Till soul upon the last went flying.

I could have borne this—'twere relief
To have still soothed thee to the last:
And time, perchance, had softened grief,
And memory lightened on the past.

But *now* what lives upon mine eye?
What haunts me dreaming as awake?
Thou on thy bed of agony,
Sleepless with fever nought could slake!
Still do I hear thy cries grow less;
Still do I see thy dim-filmed eyes,
With their blind rolling orbs express
All the brain's burning agonies!

'Twas o'er—I took thy hand, and knew
It answer'd not again:
I never felt so grateful to
Thy God as I did then!
The hopes were quenched that buoyed me up;
I wished for nought beside,
But to have drank of the same cup,
To lie down by thy side.

And yet we lived to see the days
Of our young joys forgot:
I sought amidst the world vain praise;
Thou spak'st—I heeded not!
But thou apart, like some pure tree,
With heaven's own dews wert wet:
And what I was *once*, love, to thee,
Thou never didst forget!

And, oh, the unkind words and deeds—
How busy memory brings
All, while the heart so inly bleeds,
To whet remorse's stings!
And yet 'tis well—I thought not how
Those slights were dealt by me;
'Tis meet that I am hopeless now;
As I erewhile made thee.

But such we are—we prize not most
The gifts within our power;
But follow on, 'till gained or lost,
Lures changeful as the hour:

And when is gone our prop, the stay
We leant on, so familiar grown,
We feel too late, when torn away,
The wound become our own.

My ——, thou art gone from me!
God! how that name within my heart
Wakens the throb of agony,
Recalling all thou wert and art!
Ay, art!—for would I not now give
All, could I my vain vows fulfil:
Couldst thou but for one moment live,
To tell me thou dost love me still.

God take thee now! I know the spot
Thou sleep'st in, and I knew
By *that* wish thou hadst not forgot
Where our young childhood flew.
The star will watch o'er thee, love, there,
The wild flowers blooming be;
But though I lived for ever—*there*,
My step shall never be!

No—we are rent asunder now,
By time and space unknown;
In life I never was as thou,
And now I am alone.
Thou art gone—but thou hast left behind
Thy mantle in thy flight;
Oh, how would earthly grief be blind,
If Memory quenched her light!

SONG.

I.

Wilt thou yet tell me that I cease to love thee,
Though years have proved how fond, how dear thou art?
O not that star that shines so bright above thee,
Burns there so pure, so constant as my heart.

II.

Could I forget that cheek where love reposes,
Those eyes' dark heaven, the softness of that brow,
That lip that sheds the breath of Eden's roses
Sighing its soul of fragrance on me now!

III.

Could I forget those vows, the deepest, dearest,
Breathed from thy lips in passion's early day?
Oh no!—hearts change, and ties may break the nearest,
But *my* love never, never pass away!

SONG.

No more, no more—thou art gone, and for ever,
Thou beautiful being whom once I adored!
Thy lute is all silent, thy softer voice never
To thy fond lay of love or regret shall be poured.

Oh no—thou hast changed but thy being, and wreathest,
My Peri! thy flowers as once for my brow,
I feel thou art with me, art near me, and breathest
The passion that glows in this lonely heart now.

The roses that, plucked by thee, hang o'er thy lute, love,
Are faded, but scented still like thy own breath:
And those strings that once thrill'd through my bosom are mute, love,
And broke like our life-vows, and silent in death!

Yet oft, when the star of the evening is glowing,
And the airs through those broken chords heedlessly stray,
I start—for the sound seems, while distantly flowing,
Like thy voice, thy own sweet voice, love, dying away!

Farewell, farewell to thee—heaven has only
One greater delight than remembrance of thee,
But oh! until then, while left here on earth lonely,
Awake and in sleep shed thy spirit on me!

STANZAS.

YET, yet again those notes—the witchery
Of those soft sounds, to trance me with their spell!
Stilling each impulse till this body be
Like a soul rapt in calm ineffable;
No—it hath ceased, is broken: I know well
Now, why it moved me, for a grief is come,
A shade of sadness yet too light to dwell:
I heard it when in boyhood I did roam,
It brought back olden days and voices of my home!

Days of departed childhood! ye are gone,
Mingled with the great stream of things which were:
And I, lone relic of them, still meet on
The brunt of years traced deep by time and care;
And yet a strain, a voice, a sound of air,
Comes o'er me, and unites me to the past;

Yea, doth incorporate my being there,
Making me all I was; it could not last—
The enchantress waved her wand—the day-dream was
o'ercast!

And yet so soft, so holy was that vision
Given, and when o'er, so gently roll'd away,
That though, when wakened from the dream Elysian
I had indulged in, I could not be gay:
Yet was the sadness softened all away
By that wild cadence lulling pain to rest,
Requiem of memories as soft as they!
Leaving behind a calm, yea, joy suppressed,
Such as young Hope may feel on Love's reposing breast.

Thou Power mysterious and lovely! Thou
Fountain of Joy! and shrine where grief doth flee:
Thou, whose sole sway all human hearts avow,
Whose reign hath been all time, and e'er shall be;
Wakener of soul! divinest Melody!
Is there to man a gift more sacred given?
No—Love himself draws half his joys from thee,

When the frail ties that bound to earth are riven,
And Hope deems thee the link that raiseth her to heaven!

And why should I all vainly seek to express
Thee, where the mightiest have failed? what art
Of lifeless words can on the sense impress
Feelings that thrill like lightning through the heart!
Thou, the Invisible, dost dwell apart,
Like beauty, hallowing all through earth and air;
As forms of heaven that from the canvas start,
When we gaze on, nor break our silence dare,
So, in our heart of hearts we *feel*—we *feel* thee there!

STANZAS.*

I.

When first my dream of life began
The future all seemed wreathed in flowers:
And fancy idly, wildly ran
An endless range through all its bowers.

II.

I fondly thought there could not come
A shade o'er scene so passing fair!
That love and joy had made their home
With me, to live immortal there.

III.

I dreamed not then of friends unkind;
Of change by time or sorrow wrought;
Hope promised all I wished to find,
And reason slumbered while she taught.

* These lines were taken from the album of a lady, from which the author would willingly have extracted more.

IV.

But o'er this vision storms have passed,
And crushed so many a brilliant flower,
That hope herself has learnt at last
Almost to doubt her own sweet power!

V.

And only dares one shrine to raise,
O'er which nor foes nor storms can lower:
Since love and friendship guard the ways
That lead to this her favorite bower.

ODE.*

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.

Childe Harold.

YES, I now feel a spirit-stirring joy,
Solemn, and firm, and chastened; a deep sense
Of grandeur, such as thrills the mind intense,
When conscious of some change that shall be wrought
By earthquake throe, beyond the reach of thought,
That shall regenerate empires or destroy!
The storm is gathered—nought can stay its course:

* Since this Ode was written, the cause of freedom and of justice has prevailed. The emancipation of Ireland, so long withheld by intolerance, was yielded at last to undisguised and positive expediency. It was indeed time; for the cause of Ireland had become the interest of more than one quarter of the world. But the act is done, and a statue is erected to the Minister, who, in yielding it, which he did only on the plea of immediate necessity, acted in direct opposition to his own often-declared tenets, and to those of his illustrious, but less fortunate predecessor, Canning, whose toast was always—"Civil and religious liberty all over the world."

It hath brooded long upon its innate force,
Till charged with its inner workings, where are shrined
The centered lightnings of unfettered Mind,
It now moves on—moves on *against* the wind!
A Nation have arisen to break their chains,
To shake the dust from off their heads, the stains
Of their disgrace, and stand up, and be free!
And worship in their own idolatry,
That God, whose equal shrine is Liberty!
Ye herded fools! who would ward off the hour
And check with idle clamour or bigot frown
The workings of great Nature! deem ye still
The palsied hand of antiquated Power
Can with the body chain the human will?
And *ever* with her impotent grasp hold down
Nerved Freedom, who though thrown in the grappling,
Bounds from the dust up with Antæan spring!*

* Antæus was a son of the earth, and so great a wrestler, that he boasted he would erect a temple to his father of his conquered antagonists. Hercules attacked him, and as he received new strength from his mother as often as he was hurled to the ground, the hero lifted him up in the air, and (absit omen!) crushed him to death in his arms.

Ay, ye have done this, for to what will not
Man stoop to, in his weakness, when dull fear
So deadens that Freedom's voice he cannot hear?
And the pulse of hope stops—till it is forgot!
And the yoke is borne all patiently; for oh,
What more congeals and freezes the quick glow
Of the warm liberal heart than slavery?
But the hour comes at last as it hath ever:
Through thickest clouds breaks forth the morning star:
The accumulated wrongs of ages are
Redeemed in an hour; then with last wild endeavour
Tyrants would dam that spring-tide, but in vain;
Crushed are the bounds, and broken is the chain!
Then souls controlled so long by cunning and art,
Like scattered sparks unite; till the quick flame,
The living Spirit of God, (doth it not claim
Its origin from him?) no more is hid;
But lances forth its all-ethereal dart!
And strikes at once the time-worn pyramid *

* In writing this line, the following passage occurred to my memory from *Doctor* Southey:—

" And there will come a time when this great truth
" Shall be confess'd—be felt by all mankind.

Of Oppression to the dust! and man's chains riven,
He stands in native dignity before Heaven!

O ye asserters of Heaven's noblest laws!
Ye pleaders of the very sublimest cause

> " The electric truth shall run from man to man,
> " And the blood-cemented pyramid of greatness
> " Shall fall before the flash!"—*Wat Tyler.*

This passage is taken from one of his earliest and most vigorous productions; but Southey was never *born* a poet, as a well-known critic observes, " Southey agitates himself into a state of poetical " excitement, but he seems to be never touched with the fine frenzy " of a poet. The little intaglio of Gray's Elegy is more valuable " than all his ponderous tumulus to the ' Memory of the last of " the Goths.' " I wonder Southey does not collect *all* his works (though the proposition would startle even John Murray), and write a separate article in his ' Quarterly,' on each of them, during the next ten years, should he live so long. But then long articles *have* been written on them all, and nothing could revive his poetry; there is no life, or feeling, or passion in them; all is verbose effort, and tedious eccentricity. " *Can* these dry bones live?" They are polished classical tasks, cold studies, not warmed with one glow from the heart, one inspiration from the soul. His only vigorous and stirring things were ' Wat Tyler,' and ' Lines on Martin the Regicide,' the reason was—because he wrote in earnest. A *Doctor* now, he becomes the author, of course, of ' A Book of the Church,' and ' A History of Methodism,' and then as " even " *good* men like to make people stare," ' A History of the Continental *Wars*,' and, for aught I know, many other histories. In

That can employ the tongue and heart of man!
Shrink not from ending what ye have began
So late, and until now, so hopelessly;
One, though of different creed, is linked with ye
In the common feeling of humanity

the little Souvenirs, too, "a triton among the minnows," he may be discovered still toddling on at a guinea a line. For my own part, I sincerely hope that his moral character is *fixed* at last, and that he *believes* what he writes; but I never can divest myself of feelings of disgust towards him for his mean conduct towards Keats and Shelley and Lord Byron, though *there* even the 'Quarterly' itself failed. Could he not be contented with being king in the 'Quarterly?' with being stamped eternally the first and last on its advertising list? without endeavouring to sink, and defame, and blacken characters, which to *his*, in point of consistency at least, were as pure as unsunned snow? And has he injured Shelley one jot? is not his name, and the more unexceptionable parts of his poetry, in every one's mouth and memory? Who denies that Shelley wrote 'Queen Mab?' but—who reads it? And has not Southey written worse—ten times worse, in 'Tyler,' and on the 'Regicide?' Why the one was, after all, a mere speculative poem; a patched-up composition from the French philosophers—the product of a youthful and a heated brain—whose end and aim, *if it had any*, were to instil a more universal philanthropy—a non-oppression of mankind, whether they had creeds or had not; but the others were *active*, nervous, and vigorous practical pieces, with a *determined aim* and an end! Let any one read them and deny it. Shame then on the man, who, forgetting his own apostacy (for which no one justly can blame him if acting on his own better judgment),

That swells against oppression! Cast to the dust
Your chains—your triumph is nearing—come it must;
But oh, when wildly elate with victory,
When all the pent up passions swell in ye
Like vultures, to feed deep hate stifled so long,

could wreak his concealed hate and malice, and "stab in the dark" another, because *his* conscience led him on to pursue the same path, however erring, which *he* still believed to be the right! How *dared* Southey, of all men, to set himself up as his judge? Was he so superior to him in talent? I am of opinion that had poor Shelley lived to ripen his judgment, and, no doubt, with time, to correct many of his early opinions, he would have taken the lead of his rival in every respect. What single thing has Southey to compare, for one instant, with 'The Cenci?' But enough of these reflections, which might be termed useless, were it not always useful to hold up and to renew the truth, and to dash aside and root out the weeds of prejudice, and ignorance, and obloquy, from closing over and hiding the remains and the memory of an injured man. I never knew, or have seen either of them: but I *saw* and *felt* the oppression, and determined one day to expose it anew, as the eternal Byron had done before, and, as I hope others may, after me. It may not generally be known that the following lines were meant for Southey, though not addressed to him. It is impossible for Shelley's worst foes to read them, and not to admit *inwardly*, the simple and *superior* mind which must have dictated them:—

"Alas! good friend, what profit can you see
"In hating such an hateless thing as me?
"There is no sport in hate, where all the rage

The vast mass of accumulated wrong;
Crush it!—as *men* forget not to be *just!*
Prove ye are conquerors too in the high mind
That can forgive, as it could be resigned
To its long yoke. Wreath the bloodless steel
With myrtles on the Altar of Liberty! *
Then, as ye kneel before the world's vast eye,
And the shouts of millions hail the great deed done,
Show *them*—and let your inner hearts too *feel*,
Ye are worthy of the glories ye have won!

" Is on one side. In vain would you assuage
" Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,
" In which *not even contempt lurks*, to beguile
" Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate!
" O *conquer* what you *cannot satiate!*—POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

So might Epicurus in his garden have calmly turned upon and rebuked the malignant Zeno.

* See the beautiful fragment of Alcæus.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

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* * * *

Vergin di servo encomio
E di codardo oltraggio
Sorge or commosso al subito
Sparir di tanto raggio,
E scioglie all urna un cantico
Che forse non moria.

MANZANI.—*Ode di Napoleone Buonaparte.*

'Tis something to have stood upon this field:
To have lived in those brief moments of time from which
It took an era; to have felt the glow,
The present inspiration which the mind
Creates not, but is filled with when beholding
The places of earth hallowed by the deeds
Which have raised men beyond humanity.
Such impulses are fainter felt through years,
When memory makes what is a feeling now.
And to the very latest age this field

Shall be a mark, a resting-place for nations,
Who shall here make their pilgrimage, whate'er
Their creed or rule: whether as abject slaves,
Or rioting in the insolence of freemen,
And pause with reverence, and respect, and awe.
For this is one of those few spots of earth
Where the hand and presence of a Destiny
Was shown; which whether born of circumstance,
By man made, or a Power apart, here changed
At once the fate of empires—then pause here.
The very grass that looks so green is holy,
For it was watered with the blood of the brave!
The plains of Zama or of Marathon
Are tame to this: their moral interest less,
In man's then infant state, emerging scarce
From barbarism, and the petty stake
A city to be raised or overthrown.
But here was staked the empire of the world,
" In its most high and palmy state," * with all
Its cities, and creeds, and kings, and governments;
And lost by him who had the power to stake them;

* Shakspeare.

To whom the kings and nations were as counters:
One of those minds which Nature moulds in ages,
To come as a moral storm among the nations,
And always to regenerate or destroy:
Whom Fate then cuts off in their fullest vigour;
As if to prove there is a power above her,
That doth delight in baffling, and making her
The sport of Fortune! Was it not so ever?
I will not trumpet forth this man—the sound
Is hollow: but with a plain and manly voice
Tell what he was—his deeds speak for themselves!

His spirit was one of those ordained to rise,
And develope their energies in convulsion, which
It may be, are ordained to call them forth,
That else in calm had slept and been unknown,
As sleeps the unborn lightning. France had shook
From her neck the yoke of ages; an undefined
But ardent love of freedom warmed each breast,
Until the electric flame was shot through all,
And extended to embrace the very world:
And the throne sunk from its time-honoured height;
And Freedom's holy altar stood in its place,

Lit by the fire from heaven! But oh, how different
Were the minds round, who raised and lent it fuel!
Men as unlike as angels are to fiends.
There were, who hailed it as a consummation
Of their highest earthly hopes, to see man made
Free as create, and pure in his first freedom!
Vain dreams!—the evil ones made it a cloke
To hide and revel in guilt's deadliest crimes:
And they, the weaker voices, soon were drowned,
And crushed, and tortured, and fled in their despair.
And nought was left then but hypocrisy,
And fear-taught flattery, and revenge, and hate,
That rose to very madness: till France seemed
A hell, where all was guilt and anarchy,
Where the master fiends fell by each other's hands!
The Nations looked on in suspense and fear,
And saw that freedom is delirium,
Untempered by the firm and even mind
That can restrain and guide its new-born energies.

Then rose this Man, and seized at once the helm
Of the unmanageable vessel, and

Bade them put trust in him and in his fortune:*
And they who saw the ruin they had made,
Recoiled, as they were prescient of his powers,
And sunk before the master-mind! France called him
With all her many and unanimous voices:
He heard the call and answered them; and first
The inner state he healed, torn by dissension,
And powerless through corruption; freed the oppressed
And broke the laws of tyranny and fear,
And gave the code that hath eternized him;
Restored lost hope, and nerved again the pulses
Of art and industry, and gave them confidence,
From the consciousness of energies revived,
And the healthful tone of strength so long destroyed.

Then rose the hero: he called from their rest
The Eagles, and made them swoop upon their foes,

* This line was suggested from the sublime expression of Cæsar to the pilot of his sinking vessel:—

"Quid times? *Cæsarem* vehis?"

which Lucan has entirely spoilt in his attempt to mend.

Who had despised their slumber. Fortune followed him,
And Victory: in the field he had no equal!
Or hath the world beheld such: his eye pierced
Through the ranks of battle and saw at once the strength,
Or weakness, that must stand or perish. He
Conquered the kingdoms to regenerate them,
To rouse them from their torpor, and free them
From ignorance and servitude; and in
The scarce-form'd dawn of manhood, planned them laws,
Which, acted on, had made him their idolatry.*

Unlike the hero of old Rome, he fought
For peace; but such as should enlarge mankind,
And join the interests of humanity
In closer bond of union, and banish
The bigot fears and jealousies which make
Nations detest each other, wrapped up in
A selfish pride or false-excited fear.
It was the end for which he drew the sword;
He gained it at the gates of the capitals †

* See his famous letter to Kleber on quitting Egypt, in Savary's invaluable Memoirs.

† Had Napoleon been disposed to have taken the fullest advan-

Of conquered kings, who crouched as meanly *then*,
As they erewhile had sworn among themselves
To crush him. He raised up, and put down kings: *
To his tribunal they came as arbiter,
Nor deemed themselves dishonoured: and he gave
Kingdoms away as though they had been counters.
The thrones of Europe clustered round him; he
Was the central and commanding star, from whom
They drew their glory or held their being. They
Watched him as pale men watch the comet's path,
Dubious of its quick motions, and as impotent
To fathom the force impelling it on! which fear
Was jealousy and hate.

He stood too high:
The gigantic height to which he had raised France
Astonish'd them: it towered like a pyramid
Above the level of the nations, and
His deeds, like rays, shone resting on its brow,
Dazzling with sunlike glory! blinding and

tages of the battle of Austerlitz, and the surrender at Ulm, he might *then* have been master of the world—nothing could have opposed it.

* Those of Spain, Italy, Naples, Holland, Prussia, and Sweden.

Throwing them into shade and nothingness.
But this by mean minds cannot be endured!
For they felt their hatred baffled, and their power
Humbled, and their names obscured or lost:
Their very thrones held by his sufferance!
And he saw what they were, for his mind saw
Into all things, and the hearts of men were known
Through their many veils. He knew that he was feared
And hated, and they knew they were despised:
That their efforts to deceive him were as known,
As the weak nets of cruelty and cunning
That made their subjects slaves, dismembered nations,
And sunk them to hereditary bondmen!

And thus in "holy alliance" * they met and joined
The "Apostolic Brethren!" † and these,
The veriest tyrants that ever shamed humanity,
Did make their watchword, "Freedom!" reeking yet

* Ridicule is certainly a powerful weapon: it has succeeded, more than all argument, in making this phrase the mockery of the world.

† See Metternich's dispatches, &c. *passim*.

From a deed which cried out, and in vain, to heaven !*
They roused again the lion from his lair:
France heard and answered; and poured forth her pride
Of chivalry, a host, such as the world
Hath not beheld since when the Persian poured
Destruction on old Greece. His enemies fled,
Even to their snows, and left no home behind them
In their blazing and abandoned capital,
That like a hell of surging smoke and flame,
Glared forth and reddened the polar sky! and showed
The form of Destiny upon the elements,
Wielding her wrath for their devoted heads!
Then for the first time, his old legions, who
Had so often turned the tide of battle, fled;
And they who, with a veteran soldier's pride,
Scorned the raw efforts of their barbarous foes,
Driven before them as dust before the wind,
Quailed to the rage of the elements: their strength
Sunk into infant weakness: without effort

* " And Freedom shrieked when *Kosciusko* fell!"

Verily patriots have their reward in history, and far more, in poetry: *that* sacred name, Campbell has immortalized with his own. I would quote the whole passage—but who is not familiar with his sublime poem?

Their arms fell from their gelid hands, their banners
Stiffened to ice: they were no longer men,
But gaunt and hungry wolves! and fell on each,
And gorged on human flesh; but i' the feast,
Even in the very watch-fires the snows swept!
And hid, and buried them from their pursuers,
With their arms and honours round them! The blasts howled
Over their whitening sepulchres, a dirge
Of wild and savage triumph! There they lay:
And all the high and haughty boastings of
Patrician blood, and hopes of fame, and impulse
Of pride, and rank, and valour, and quick spring
Of hearts, beating then as they could ne'er be quenched,
Making the air alive with noise and tumult,
Were gone, like the vision of some mighty dream,
Vanished in silence, solitude, and snow!

Then how the sceptred brethren joined in triumph
At once to crush him—then, how hollow faith
Was broken, and open hate made manifest!
But he, the mark of Europe and the world,

In that most trying hour stood firm: and watched
With an unmoved eye and mind the gathering storm;
And inspired a hope among the hopeless, which,
It may be, he had ceased to feel. He rallied
The strength and pride of France, and again brought back
Victory against most overwhelming myriads,*
And made them dread the frenzy of despair!
But *here*†—outlived his old comates in arms,
And girt by foes as by a triple wall,
Though hollow treachery dwelt in his ranks, and watched
Near him—(when clung it not to falling kings?)—
He made his latest effort. France still loved him,
And proved it; never did her chivalry
Demean them as on that high day! they fought,
As if the fate of empire and of honour
Hung on each stroke! and Victory again

* Those of Dresden and Lutzen: and Leipsic, though lost partly by immense superiority of force, and partly by the treachery of the Saxons, yet proved how *essentially* the Frenchman is a *soldier*, beyond the slower Austrian and boorish Russ. The odds was as ten to one, and yet the French army, though composed of boys and raw recruits, made their impression, as far as it could be felt, irresistible.

† Waterloo.

Hovered above them; for they *forced* her back,
Till she became the sport of fortune, and
Was wrested from them by o'erpowering squadrons,
And fled for ever!
The King was dethroned:
The conqueror driven from the field—the man
Stooped not, or despaired; his mind unshaken still,
Could not succomb so low! Unlike the Roman *
Who yielded to Fortune as the slave of Virtue,
And dying did confess her conqueror
Of his body as his mind, he smiled sedate
At her caprice, as one, who watching time,
And circumstance, of which she is the slave,
Would mould her to his will. He fled not, like
An exile from court to court, dependant on
Wayward caprice or tyranny; † but as
The warrior sage of Greece ‡ did yield himself,
As one who feels the honour he has conferred
Upon his noble foe! He yielded not
To those who had so often crouched to him,
Who *were*—because he had not crushed them—but

* Brutus. † Videlicet, Hannibal. ‡ Themistocles.

To a race of men who ever pride themselves
In being free—that who doth touch their shore
Is free. He trusted, and came, and History—
To thy last page be it recorded, for,
However glossed by time or prejudice,
Thou canst not from the generous mind hide truth,—
The Emperor—the King whom Europe owned,
Became a slave, his crown a mockery,
Dishonoured in his very appellation!
The monarch was dethroned, the soldier stood
Abandoned, the husband torn from his fond wife,
The brother from his brethren, and the father
From his loved and only son! The mightiest throne
That e'er ambition sate on was changed for
A barren isle, scathed by the torrid zone,
Reft from all social commerce, friends, and kindred,
And banished from forth the pale of the civilized
world!
The consciousness within him of the triumph
Of his once prostrate foes, the treachery
Of his friends, the idle pity of the weak,
And jeers and hollow laughter of the world!
But did this mass of evil crush him?—this

Weight which thought even shrinks from, and which none
Save him hath known; for who e'er soared so high
To *prove* so great a fall?—Did the lynx eye
Of malice, that ever pries into each deed,
Look, word of the falling great, to magnify
The spot, and blur its lustre, detect or quailing
Or sinking of the spirit? though disease
Racked inwardly, and his jailor,* drop by drop,
Poured the damned venom of his malice in,
(Which though all scorned was *felt*, for the human
heart
Is not of stone, and *that* yields to it:)—No!
Prometheus chained to his accursed rock
Was realized there by him—*he* had his vulture!
He bore those inward sufferings which none
Can know, and the high heart never tells, with an
Unshaken mind, and a will immoveable
That doth create, and oppose to evil—itself!
His eye was ever on the future: the *present*,
And its petty ills were nothing—had he not
Met and endured the tempest of the *past*?

* Hudson Lowe—*Sir*.

He knew he should triumph with posterity,
And most in death; that his deeds and thoughts would be
Familiar to the world as the sun's rays,
When the mists of error and hate had passed away.

He is gone—his memory thrills through us yet
Like the sound of a departed thunder-storm.
His *name* even to the latest age will be
A sound to animate the soldier's heart
With deeds of loftiest daring! and his thoughts,
The sage and patriot shall remember, and
It may be, embody hereafter, when the memory
Of him who gave them is hallowed. The names of
Earth's greatest conquerors will fade to his
Who o'erran kingdoms in his scarce closed boyhood,
And formed anew his own; and raised it to
A height it had ne'er reached, and sunk with him.
His deeds, as words, are recorded by those
Who beheld and heard them; and their testimony,
Like separate rays when met, have made his mind
Their focus, and banished thence each speck of ignorance,
Falsehood, or hate, and showed him what he was.

It was for this sole end he lived: and which
His latest words did ever appeal to, for
He sought to be immortal upon earth!
It was his end of being:* he had all
Those yearnings most intense for fame which are
Inherent, and the *soul* of loftiest natures!
Ever panting to develope their new energies,
Restless till all be gained—or it be quenched!

The trials and temptations he withstood,
Or yielded, can be judged by those who have
Felt them in the gigantic magnitude
They rose to him, and with an equal mind;
Who ever has? The height he gained and sunk from,
Cannot be measured by eye, but must be *proved*,
As the passions they excited or repressed!
Perchance had conquest crowned him, he had joined

* I cannot resist quoting these impressive lines from Manzani's sublime Ode to Napoleon, the finest thing that ever has, or can be written on him:—

" Oh quante volte ai posteri
" Narrar se stesso imprese
" E sulle eterne pagine
" *Cadde la stanca man!*"

Mankind in one vast equalized republic;
Abolished the very name of king, and quenched
The jealousies and the eternal wars,
That still so shame and desolate the world;
And make men know, and feel, and prove their interests,
In social compact, interchange, and peace.
The deed was not for him, or, it may be,
For any single mind, but must come as
The lightning from the many meeting clouds,
When Freedom's voice is echoed back through all!
Here is the spot where fell the thunderbolt
Of his last power, and crushed him in its ruins!
It is quenched—*now*, let the dead on either side,
(For honour's eye looked equally on both,)
Be hallowed! and as their bones are mingled, so
Be the respect, and sighs, and blessings on them,
From all who tread upon this sacred ground!

NOTES.

Note 1, page 286, line 17.

In the field he had no equal.

Look back through the more recent past, and up to antiquity, and discover who, as a mere soldier, in manœuvring his own movements, and pre-conceiving and baffling those of his enemy, and gaining from thence victories, each of which overthrew kingdoms, can compare with Napoleon.

Note 2, page 286, line 21.

He conquered kingdoms to regenerate them.

In Italy he made the first step towards reconciling the French Revolution with Europe. His genius would have regenerated Egypt; he became her conqueror to be her legislator; he saw intuitively all the resources, and available applications of the most fertile country of the world. He would have opened a new existence in the east, and would have been hailed by that wretched people as the greatest of human beings, had not circumstances hurried him again to France in the moment of triumph. His letter to Kleber will show his views, and the mind of the man.

Note 3, page 287, line 12.

He gained it at the gates of the capitals.

After the victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden he stopped, when he might have marched to Vienna. And again, after the glorious battle of Austerlitz, gained over the Russians and Austrians with *their* superiority of 25,000 men. After the surrender at Ulm, where 43,000 chosen troops laid down their arms and 100 pieces of cannon without a stroke, he stopped short, when it was in his power to have punished them for their shameful aggression of their own treaty. And at Tilsit, after the battle of Friedland, he gave up all the advantages of a war still more fortunate than the first, and did not crush a power whose forces were wholly exhausted, because he wished to facilitate a peace, and secure the *future* tranquillity of Europe on a fixed basis.

Note 4, page 288, line 21.

And he saw what they were.

"He placed no confidence in the sentiments expressed in the declarations of the allies. He had said long before, 'They have appointed my grave as their place of rendezvous, but none of them will venture to come first.' He afterwards added, 'Their time of rendezvous has arrived. They think the lion dead; and the question is, Who will give the ass's kick? If France abandons me, I can do nothing, but she will soon repent of doing so.'"

Note 5, page 290, line 7.

In their blazing and abandoned capital.

There was a sublimity in the Athenian's burning Athens; it was the firm, melancholy resolve of MIND. That Moscow was destroyed

by a set of drunken and infuriated wretches, without the knowledge or consent of Rostopchin, the governor, is well known from all authorities. The Russians would no more have consented to such a sacrifice than the Parisians, when affairs were exactly turned *vice versa.*

Note 6, page 290, line 19.

They were no longer men.

For these horrible and revolting accounts, see the narratives of Le Beaume and Segur; they are nevertheless intensely interesting, for they show what human nature *is* in calamity.

Note 7, page 293, line 11.

The warrior sage of Greece—Themistocles.

See the memorable letter of Napoleon to George IV, claiming protection and hospitality, and quoting the illustrious precedent.

Note 8, page 294, line 3.

Dishonoured in his very appellation.

In all that shameless, and un-national, and degrading transaction, there was nothing in worse taste or feeling than the epithet given him of "General;" it was arriving at the very acmé of senseless insult. A king, whether in the weeds of a beggar, or seated on his throne, is alike "every inch a king," and must continue so, until his *own* nation rise en masse, and drive him out from amongst them. What right had that "leaden spout," Castlereagh, to call him "General?" Did not Charles Stewart refuse to plead to his *own*

subjects? Methinks our prayers set apart for that "martyr" should have reminded us a little of the "divine rights of kings."

Note 9, page 295, line 15.

He knew he should triumph with posterity.

"Posterity will judge in what manner I have been treated. The misfortunes which I suffer will be visited on your nation." And again from his will:—"I die prematurely, assassinated by the English Oligarchy and its * * *. The English nation will not be slow in avenging me. Je proteste solennellement ici, à la face du ciel et des hommes, contre la violence qui m'est faite, contre la violation de mes droits *le plus sacrés*, en disposant par la force, de ma personne, et de ma liberté." Such were the last sentiments of the dying exile. "You have power over my body," said he on another occasion to his jailor, "but none over my soul. That soul is as proud, fierce, and determined at the present moment, as when it commanded Europe." He declared that while exposed to the challenge of sentinels he never would take exercise, however necessary. "I will have at least the consolation that my death shall be an eternal dishonour to the English nation, who sent me to this climate to die under the hands of a . . . . ."—(hangman) I should suppose, that being the usual likeness he found for Sir Hudson. His physician remonstrated.—"That which is written is written," said Napoleon, looking upwards: "our days are numbered."

Note 11, page 296, line 12.

His deeds and very words.

All men who have appreciated the character of Napoleon will

rejoice at the many contemporary works that have been published respecting him, by those who have known him personally, and, as witnesses, have borne testimony; and all will refer to them hereafter as the surest guides and authorities. I am more glad this is the case, since I have read his life by Sir Walter Scott: a name that cannot be mentioned but with every feeling of unqualified admiration, and I will add, of gratitude, for the many happy hours his delightful works have afforded to us all. But I must assert—and all who have read must have felt the truth—that "That work's a *lapsus* of the pen." Sir Walter was almost the last man in Europe to attempt it. In the first place, his own totally opposed, and altogether imaginative and *national* character, essentially unfitted him for the task; and secondly, and still more important, from his political principles, and from his early impressed, deep-rooted, and almost *personal* hatred of Napoleon, for specimens of which I could refer to passages in his 'Don Roderick' and 'Field of Waterloo.' Now what could be expected, when a mind disposed thus, with all those feelings fresh about him, *innate* almost from habit, strengthened if possible by after circumstances, and deriving and implicitly believing in ministerial and Bourbon authorities, sits down to write the life of him who has been his early abhorrence? Some statements of the work (as a matter of course) are incorrect: I am understood to allude to the authorities from which it is drawn, and which more recent works have *proved* to be so. As the book itself was probably undertaken under the impression of the immense sale it would have, Sir W. has had too much tact and sense to show open dislike to his subject, the style of which however betrays it, for it is loose and careless, and sometimes (may I venture to say it?) can be even rather coarse.* Doubt is everywhere implied, openly, or by in-

* "One of the British grenadiers who saw him, exclaimed with his "national oath, 'he has forty good campaigns in his belly yet, damn him!' "A speech which the French gentlemen envied."

sinuation; one, for instance, from many, as in D'Enghein's case, who, it is now well known, well deserved the fate he met with, and which Napoleon asserted and proved to the last. All the early and great actions in the field, and state, and cabinet, of the "*youthful* general," are *told* certainly, and "damned with faint praise," and all his errings, that is, what Sir W. condemns as such, are vehemently insisted on. Sir W. neglects not to elevate *his* hero above him for *his* victory at Waterloo, though both, and all, well know, the French lay equal claim, until wrested from them by the Prussians.* And lastly, even the conduct of Sir Hudson Lowe is, I fear, partially vindicated.

* The Duke of Wellington has been called a *great* man, which, as applied to his talents, I have heard much disputed. Let us calmly look back a little. He early commenced his career in India, and obtained much and deserved reputation. In Spain, as commander-in-chief, his usual fortune attended him. A spirit of rivalry between the French generals prevented those combined movements which would have made an overwhelming junction of their different corps, while he, possessing sole authority over his own, moved alternately on one and the other, aware of meeting no obstacle from the general whose neighbour he was attacking.† Much of his success, no doubt, was owing to himself, more to circumstances. At Brussels, it is notorious, he suffered himself to be surprised, and hurried from a ball to the head of his troops. To be surprised at such a crisis was no proof of the *great* soldier, whose adversary's movements should be as well calculated as his own. At Waterloo he stood for the first time opposed to Napoleon. Nothing less than the indomitable bravery of his troops could have saved him that day from the most signal defeat. His regiments were trampled in on, and shot away to skeletons—but fled not an inch. He was obliged

† The whole proves what Napoleon said—"That the occupation of Spain did not "succeed, for want of some master mind in chief command, to combine the movements "of the different marshals to one object."

His conduct in resenting the many indignities put upon him by that worthy person, is represented by Sir Walter as "too much "like a *froward* child, who refuses his food or his physic because "it is contradicted!" In another place he adds however that "he "*ought* not to have been driven to have *sold his plate* for the sake "of a few bottles of wine. Sir Hudson should not have *exposed* "his country to such a charge. Sir Hudson appears to have been "*agitated* by an oppressive sense of the importance and *difficul-* "*ties* of his situation, to a nervous and *irritating* degree."

"I caused the Duc d'Enghien" (says Napoleon in his will) "to "be arrested and tried, because that step was essential to the "safety, interest, and honour of the French people, when the Count "d'Artois was maintaining, *by his confession*, sixty assassins at "Paris. Under similar circumstances, I would act in the same "way." Sir Walter, however, puts it on revenge, because he was a Corsican, who, he remembers, were famous for such, since the days of the ancients. His favourite Highlander is instanced, who certainly is equal to the Corsican, by every tale, from Macbeth downwards. Is there one of Sir Walter's favourite feudal chieftains, whom his genius has raised into knights, the pride of chivalry, who is not stained with some deed of *real* revenge that humanity shudders at reading? The best passage in his work is that which closes it, which, inferentially, condemns much of the rest. I quote it with delight, for it is worthy of the illustrious author:—"In "closing the life of Napoleon, we are called upon to observe, "that he was a man tried in the two extremities of the most ex- "alted power and the most ineffable calamity; and if he occa- "sionally appeared presumptuous when supported by the armed

repeatedly to throw himself among them, when the arrival of the Prussians saved him and everything. As to his being a *great* minister, or any minister at all, I would rather quote his own opinion—"I should be worse than mad to think of such a thing."

" force of half a world, or unreasonably querulous when imprisoned
" within the narrow limits of St Helena, it is *scarcely* within the
" capacity of those whose steps have never led them beyond the
" middle path of life, to estimate either the strength of the temp-
" tations to which he yielded, or the force of mind which he
" opposed to those which he was able to resist."

WALTER DE TRACY.

The tomb of Walter de Tracy, one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, stands in Morthoe Church, on the north coast of Devonshire, which being on a high eminence, commands a full view of the Woolicomb sands and Hartland Point. The church was built by him, by way, I suppose, of expiation: part of it fell down, and has been rebuilt chiefly with the old materials; the old oak pews are carved over with effigies of Henry II and Thomas à Becket, with their various ensigns, and texts and allegories of scripture; being on the whole highly interesting.

WALTER DE TRACY! six hundred years have joined
Time's yesterday, since thy rash hand struck down
At the altar of God his highest priest, whose crown
Of martyrdom was won with blood enshrined.
It was a cruel and most merciless deed!
But visited on thee heavily: thou must need
Have felt a pang more bitter than remorse,
Such as high spirits feel, in the consciousness
Of being degraded to a tool, yea, less

Than the tyrant who made of thee his use,
And then could spurn for thy self-made abuse!
Yet must thy life have been pure at its source,
And seeds of nobleness within thee sown,
Which in a better soil than a court thrown,
Had brought forth other fruit: for when the shame,
The indignant flush of almost honest wrath,
Had shot across thy soul its burning path;
And bitter sense of wrong, and blighted name,
And the honor of thy spotless scutcheon stained,
For a weak deed which haply was disdained,
And yet was done,—for oh, how low a flight
Will not pride stoop to gain ambition's height!—
When these had hurried o'er thy tossed soul,
That stung to very madness, spurned control,
Calm and reflection came, as come they will:
The tempest spends its fury and is still;
And passion, though we cling to it, and fan
The dying flame, still dies—so weak is man.
So was it here with thee when left to brood
On thoughts which the soul hears in solitude.
Witness yon rugged church, first reared by thee!
It standeth yet, proof of thy piety

And hope to make thy peace with God; within
I' the chancel is the place where thou wert borne
For the last time up yon bleak savage hill.
A lone and solemn tomb! What ages have been
Since, and yet time that stone hath little worn,
Or the rage of the elements; it frowneth still
Black with the damp of centuries: thy shield
And spear which well thy mailèd hand could wield,
And armorial bearings of thy rank are traced,
By rust and eating worm-holes half effaced;
And, like weak infants, thy clasped hands in prayer
Are raised to heaven, as if all fame were air,
And the warrior's strength were only anchored there!
And winged forms round thee, rudely shaped, yet show
The hope which parted souls in Christ must know.

I gazed upon it long and earnestly;
A deeper interest held, I know not why,
Than I had felt in higher fanes: at last
I turned away, and silent from it past,
With a heart softened and abstracted eye,
In that most sad yet pleasing reverie
We yield to when our gentler feeling flows

For weak humanity's forgotten woes;
Which on the mind a pensive shadow leaves
More grateful than the sunshine it bereaves,
For it sheds musing quiet and repose!
I wandered down to that wild savage shore
Where *he* had walked and lived so long before:
The sun rose bright as then, the sands stretched on
Their immensity of distance to where shone
The white waves foaming on the horizon ground,
That broke there with a grand and mighty sound!
At any other season how would bound
My heart up to that ancient melody!
The voice, the call of the ever-living Sea!
The element that swells the soul as free
And boundless as its own eternity!
That wakes the heart like a trumpet from dull life
To mingle with its spirit-stirring strife!
But I was sad: his life lived on my eye;
The yearnings towards long-quenched humanity
Ached at my heart! I thought of the long days,
Years, which grief tortures into ages, wasted
On the wild shore I trod; chewing the same
Vain ashes of remorse, the fruit untasted.

By all abandoned, hid from even the gaze
Of man, which yet gives comfort, and the claim
The last hope he would cling to, insecure,
As it is taught to those who are most pure.

And sometimes haply he would ken the sail
In the blue distance, and till sight would fail,
Track it, while gentler feelings would arise;
Thoughts of past times—long-cherished memories
Of his own sunnier clime and kindred! till
His eyes strained on the horizon line, would fill
With tenderest recollections, and grow dim
As hope sighed inwardly their requiem!
And then perchance his struggling heart gave way
To that wild grief which pride will not betray,
But bear, till it break, ere shown to common eye:
But when all hid from prying gaze or ear,
Where echo is dead, and only God is near,
Then rush the pent-up passions from their source!
The sobs—the writhing agonies—the remorse
Tossing its arms in very despair to be
All what it *once* was in its purity!
All is then opened to Him ever nigh,

Of the soul's hidden and untold mystery.
Oh, only *He* sees inmost man displayed,
The warring chaos of the thing he made!

But soon—too soon its violence was spent:
And then he stood all weak and impotent
From that wild trance, till wakened from it, by
The sea-gull's scream, or hoarse monotony
Of weltering waves, and saw the shades of night
Deepening, and birds that homeward took their flight.
He turned and gained his solitary hall:*
No daughter rose to welcome and recall
His thoughts to happier days and brighter things;
No wife to meet the still loved exile springs,
And with her smiles and cheerfulness buoy up
His heart unmurmuring to drink sorrow's cup.
No—the morn dawned, and all alike pursued
Their different tasks of labour still renewed:
But he had none, and if he could have bought

* The ancient mansion of De Tracy is at length pulled down, and its materials have built up a farm-house in its stead. It stood in the hollow of a glen, partly sheltered from the north by low hills, and from the sea, by sand banks.

Respite, 'twere vain, for who can flee from thought?
And night fell on him, and all homeward prest
Gay and content—and all but him had rest.
But his span closed—the end will come; and he
Laid down in peace—was nothing: memory
Forgot him as he had never been, and now
Where is he fled? whither, when dust, dost *thou?*

STANZAS.

O WHERE are gone those deep revealings
Of truth and love which Nature gave,
When pure and fresh in all my feelings,
I knelt before her shrine a slave?

Where are the hues, the life, the brightness,
The glory shed around me then:
The bounding heart, the step of lightness,
When 'scaped the stifling haunts of men?

Where is the wild imagination,
That from each rock and cave and cloud,
Shaped beings of its own creation,
While the rapt heart their life avowed?

Where are the hopes, the joys, the fears,
That with my idle visions grew:
And where—oh, dearer yet—the tears,
When fled the dream my fancy drew?

And where are gone those sighs that swelled
When the sun setting looked on me;
As if he knew while he beheld
How different I should one day be!

O they are gone—are gone for ever,
Those wild and lovely dreams of old:
The spell that raised them once did sever;
The fires that lit my heart are cold.

But why in manhood's opening vigour
Should my cheek blanch, my hair be grey;
And why should time exert his rigour,
Ere summer hours are passed away?

I know that secret of despair,
Deep in my bosom's cell 'tis kept:
So tranquil, voiceless, slumbering there,
That I could almost deem it slept.

But the trance breaks, it could not last:
Again the gloom is round me shed;
And memory turns and mourns that past,
Like flowers whose fragrance now is dead!

TO THE SPIRIT OF MY LIFE.

I.

Life of my thought! that hang'st on this weak breath,
Hovering yet shrinking back from that dread death,
Which was and is but antenatal sleep;
How dost thou dread to leave this warm fond clay,
The sounds, and life, and cheerful light of day:
Thy thoughts, joys, hopes, and fancies' idle play,
Like the stream's eddies quenched in the dark deep!

II.

O thou frail taper! cherished vital spark!
So timidly sheltering from the obscure dark
That yawns around to engulph thee in its gloom;
Why wert thou made to tremble at each wind?
Feeling thou *must* die, why not be resigned?
Why cling so fondly to that clay behind
That must so soon lie silent in the tomb?

III.

Is this life *all*, that thou dost love it so?
Is young hope quenched, the passion and the glow
Of the heart's feeling, which thou once didst know
To be sure impresses of life beyond?
Alas, they faded, withered, and are dead,
And never may the heart renew them shed:
And the stern truth that rises there instead,
Binds thee to earth but with a stronger bond.

IV.

What dost thou fear beyond, thou trembling thing!
It is the dream of thy imagining:
Feel'st thou not, 'scaped like flame, thou shalt take wing
From thy dark cell and join the absorbing whole?
No more a thing of nerves through which the sense
Vibrates to joys or agonies intense;
But free, and passionless, through the void immense
Wander, a pure, all-seeing, deathless soul!

V.

No—'tis thy innate wish to be—to be!
To feel the sun and all life smile round thee:

To hear the voice of those thou lov'st so well!
Ay, thou wouldst rather live in agony,
Chained to the rock of immortality;
And see and bear all with enduring eye,
Than in the grave with foul corruption dwell!

VI.

Frown not, stern zealot! I am not like thee:
I am a *man*, no stoic, or a stone;
I envy thee who art so set on heaven,
Thou hast no heart to earthly feeling given:
Be then my fault in charity forgiven,
That I, too lowly, would make life my own.

THE CURSE OF GRACCHUS.

Scene—THE TEMPLE OF NEMESIS.

Shouts and clamour heard without—GRACCHUS *breaks in, and dashes down the bars securing the gates of the Temple, which the crowds without are heard attempting to force.*

GRACCHUS.

AY, now howl on your empty rage! ye are stayed,
Ye blood-hounds, who would tear to pieces
Him who once guarded ye! whom ye fawned on,
Till, gorged with idleness and repletion, ye
Brute-like would rend him! Infuriated fools!
Blind as the mad wolves howling to the moon,
That looks on ye unmoved; ay, now roar on—
How my soul loathes ye! would that its curse could be
Embodied in your throats!—
Thus ever hath the man fared who would serve ye!

Who would raise ye from the swinish selfishness
Of your base natures, and impregnate ye
With something of the nobler animal;
Making ye worthier of the gods ye prate of,
By freedom and equality! Ye sleep
Like vipers on your dunghill, and he who would
Arouse ye from your coil of sloth—ye sting!

No more, my soul—thou dost degrade thy nature
In stooping thus; lo, where the gods have led me,
Where I may dignify my closing scene
Worthy Cornelia's son, and Gracchus' brother:
It is the temple of great Nemesis:
I hail the visible sign of their high will.
Here do I cast from me my arms, profaned
By the service they have done;—lie there, my helm,
That never stooped to foe! my shield, that was
A tower to those whom from the battle's storm
Crouched 'neath its shadow! and there, my blunted spear:
These be my offerings, goddess! and now I draw
My sword that shall offer thee a nobler sacrifice:
I do invoke thee, Goddess! hear—thou seest

My inmost heart, it is laid open to thee;
Cowards are hypocrites—such am not I!
Look on me—thou dost know the expanded love
With which I toiled for Rome—I sought not—I—
To raise myself, but as their fellow man,
I felt that Freedom was common to us all!
And so I battled 'gainst oppression for
Slaves who dared not be free, and hugged their chains.
Now see'st thou my reward—is't just? have I
Merited such, and wilt thou not avenge me?
I raise my hands now to thee, thou just Goddess!
And do invoke a curse upon my country!
May they, for their ingratitude and base*
Desertion of me, be slaves for ever! and
So weakened by wealth and tyranny, that they
Become a bye-word to the nations for
Changelings and cowards! Split them into factions
Slaughtering each other, and leave their houseless carcases
To rot i' the forum like dogs! May they soon be
By their now creeping luxuries as feeble

* The expressions of Caius, as preserved by Plutarch.

And weak as eunuchs, until the hardy Gaul
Clip them again in their mud walls! there let them
Starve—and yet lack the courage from despair
To die like men! Then let the name of Gracchus
Ring in their ears like Mars, whose arm if living
Had swept away their foes to waterdrops!
O let them *feel* what they have lost in me!
Let them chew deep the bitterness of reproach;
And hurled to the dust beneath the conqueror's steel,
Amid their burning dwellings, let them then
Think of the mercy they now show to me!

My vows are heard—my prayer is ratified:
Ye Gods! I thank ye for your guardianship;
I would not have died by their plebeian hands!
Ye knew it, and ye aided me. Ye would not
Suffer my bones to be profaned: they are sacred
Here, as my memory shall be with those
Who vainly dying for their country, live
For ever hereafter!
Here I take the steel
And offer, ye high Gods, a sacrifice
Worthy your altars: a man pure from passion,

And by the vice of the brute herd unstained.
A patriot, who to gain the freedom of
His fellow men would have perished, but abandoned
And his life sought by them, returns ye back
The gift ye gave him—and the future is
In your high will!—(*He falls on his sword.*)—Oh, Rome!

BATH.

" Ils avaient la prétension de passer pour les Athéniens de la Thrace; et
" quoique ce titre ne leur fût donné que par moquerie, aucune adulation
" ne chatouillait plus delicieusement leurs oreilles. Ils s'efforçaient de
" copier en tout les Athéniens, et ils les copiaient aussi exactement que
" le singe copie l'homme."

Les Abderites, par WIELAND.

If thou wouldst see a city where
The d—l himself infects the air,
Or plague, or something very kin to it,
That changes whosoe'er comes into it;
Where Pride assumes her mien serenest
On brows the very lowest, meanest,
As if in mockery stamped there,
To show, par contrast, what they *were:*
Where Poverty, twin sister, tries
Each art, each petty shift, to rise

To equal greatness, growing thinner
From the efforts of each *bartered* dinner:
Where Fashion stalks like Hamlet's ghost,
Lifeless, and shapeless as a post,
" A thing of shreds and patches," mourning
Each night the horrid shape she's worn in;
Where all to their last prayers resort:
Where choicest Scandal holds her court,
Daughter of Spleen! who, worse than all,
Turns gentle woman's blood to gall,
Each hour, each moment of the day,
The busy fiend there works her way,
Piling the heap of calumny,
And torturing truth into a lie:
Does Curiosity ask *why?*
For malice is't? mere love of evil?
No—that were making woman d—l.
It is not this, but most or all
Have made perchance some *slip* or fall,
And as all those who tumble catch
At everything within their reach,
So all who feel in fear and doubt
Lest they themselves should be thrown out

Of their ill-gained and worse kept stations,
Seize on their neighbours' reputations:
And keep themselves alive by scandal;
Just as spent swimmers make a handle
Of their cork vests when going down,
So these keep up their heads in town.
Where dies disease o'er healing waters,
Where all mamma's bring *out* their daughters,
And stay so long (oh, shame and sin! *)
It makes one wish them going *in.*
Where dandies torture nature's shapes
Appearing less like men than apes
In short a place—(these lines *must* end,
Lest I grow worse than I intend)—
Where the narrowest views of human nature
Are squeezed in the poor human creature;
To which birth, fashion, talent, ton,
And liberal feeling are unknown,
And all other modes except their own;
Where in its valley like a cell
Damp, discontent, and jaundice dwell:

* O sorrow and shame should this be true!
COLERIDGE.

And bigot feuds are heard and seen,
And hate and prejudice—where spleen
Hath poured the vials of her wrath:
Go to that Thebes of England—*Bath*.

FINIS POETARUM.

The winds were high, the thunder-cloud
Rolled o'er grim Skye its swarthy shroud:
The bark that shot through that lone bay,
Bowed her top pennon to the spray,
As, heaved through darkness and the storm,
The lightning showed her tossing form!
With long swept heave and deafening roar,
The white waves gleamed along the shore;
No human foot or life was seen
To break the grandeur of the scene;
Where Nature sternly seemed to brood
In horror and in solitude,
On her crag-throne that mocked the power
Of time and tempest's wildest hour!
The very mountain seemed to groan
'Neath the huge breakers on it thrown,

And quake with terrors not its own.
And the earth loosening from above
Its crumbling ruins downward drove;
Till fearing there a longer stay,
Or feeling its snug hole give way:
A mouse crept out—and ran away!

THE END.

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The reader is requested to refer to the following

ERRATA.

Page 6, line 13, "and the facts are. I repeat it" (*without parenthesis*)
98, — 4, *read*, "*and* rocks."
128, — 18, *for* "blessedness," *read* "holiness."
135, — 13, *read* "Such *are* the fruits."

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Reade, John Edmund
Cain the wanderer

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